

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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Maclean's

DECEMBER 11, 1978

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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

DECEMBER 11, 1978

VOL. 91 NO. 51

Frontlines

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A poet of light and space and time

Opening this week in Toronto, is a show of fine and photographic works by the polymathic Michael Snow, whose witty asides about perception have been cast in every medium—from sculpture, music, and most recently, good old-fashioned painting. These days, says Snow, "looking back may be a way of doing something new."



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Facing a nip-and-tuck craze

Cosmetic surgery used to be the privilege of the well-to-do. But now, following a U.S. trend, teachers, secretaries, even truck drivers have taken the plunge.



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Knowledge Nash's descent from CEO's executive suite to front and centre of *The National* has gathered both only results. But the Chasens (he must rise above these things) are a betting Nash will.

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The new wave of glossy coffee-table books—just waiting to be picked up for Christmas—includes a look at Israel and Canada's mountains. Grease through Dunlop's eyes and through Canadiana through Karla's lens. *Summer Places: The National Ballet* portraits of the stars and even Winnipeg's north end.



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A poet of light and space and time

Cherubs," agrees Michael Snow, "a glint in his eye and tongue freely in check, 'cherubs' might be just the thing. Top with the Canada goose." Canada's leading conceptual artist tops with the suggestion, but he's not about to add another to his proposed sculpture, a wire and linen flock of 30 life-size waxy-winged geese designed to look as though they're about to land in the indoor treepole of a downtown shopping centre in Toronto. At 46, cosseted by international critics and curators, entrenched in the pantheon of avant-garde fine-artists, honored by a Europe-wide retrospective of his films, photographic works, sculpture and more opening this week at the prestigious Centre Pompidou in Paris, Snow served up some sarcasm before getting to France—this wonderfully surreal sculptural concept with geese and a huge, gridded optical illusion of a painting tentatively titled *The Space Chair*, his first painting in 11 years.

Fantasy, declared obsolete by 60s pop-art, gaining edginess by conceptualists who turned to film, video, earth works and body art—how could Snow, a role model for the avant-garde modern, revert to such a retardataire medium? "It might be more radical now to be conservative," agrees Snow, slouched over a Skydome cup of royal coffee in his downtown Toronto studio. "The division process seems complete, the

critical, analytical way artists have looked at art since the Impressionists. We may be in a period of synthesis where looking back may be a way of doing something new."

For the past two decades, there has been playing and playing with visual philosophy. What is real, what is illusion? Can you believe what you see? Or for that matter, understand what you hear? For Snow explores sound as well as image, producing abstracted sound "sculptures," improvisational concerts with the Canadian Creative Music Collective, recordings like, such as *Shouting for Pennie, Whistling, Maracas* and *Page Recorder*, accompanied by dense album notes) and of course his films, which have brought him fame, if not fortune, in the world of vanguard art. His last film, completed in 1978, was the enigmatic title of *Snow's* *Napoleo by Delicat* (*There is Delicat Young*) by *Walter Scherer*, examines white and at near-total length—close to two hours—the complex, paradoxical relationships of "talking pictures." It's not a traditional movie with stars and a story line, but rather a vast abstracted sentences detailing the sights and sounds of thought—Michael Snow's, that is. See/Hear Now could be Snow's credo for whatever the medium, he continues to create and project his perspective messages about perception.

"I like the word 'investigation' be-



Painting (*Chasing the Drive Book*), a 1978 Snow photograph art thinking about art

cause it sounds as though I'm a scientist or a detective," says Snow, carefully focusing two spotlights on his just completed canvas which sits on a cedar block against one stark white studio wall. "This painting, for example, is not so much a decorative object as a record of a really profound and unique experience, like act of seeing. There are many factors involved: the content, the angle, the light. I work with what's there, with the medium, rearranging all the elements in the world that are meant to be used and showing the process. Basically, I'm a poet of light and space and time."

Critics have lavished praise and polygraphies on Michael Snow. One New York writer flung six pages with fine print to claim Snow's three-hour landscape epic, *La Région Centrale*, as the best film he'd ever seen. And the word "genius" trips lightly off some tongues. Indeed, Snow has achieved several firsts: the first Canadian shown solo at the Venice Biennale, the first, and so far, only Canadian awarded a one-man exhibition at New York's Mo-



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ness of Modern Art; the first Canadian given a retrospective at the impressive arts complex in Paris. Collected from work of the last 33 years (including three major sculptures), the show remains in France until the end of January, then it will tour for a year to museums in Holland, Switzerland and Germany.

Despite all this ego message, Snow stays remarkably sane and sophisticated—Humble-For Mike, as National Gallery curator Pierre Thiberge affectionately calls him. Thin, soft-spoken, with an infectious wit and wild grey hair (the product of a drastic shaving by artist Joyce Wieland, his wife of 20 years), Snow's tastes run to T-shirts (he's never owned a three-piece suit), such down-to-earth pleasures as a pint of beer in the corner pub, and a small house on the provincial wrong-side-of-the-tracks, stocked with books, records and a grand piano—Voltaire with Canadian Gothic overtones.

Recently, he and Thiberge jammed into a back booth in a redneck-chic restaurant where Toronto artists, entrepreneurs and culture graspiers hang out, and, over trout amuseurs, passed their way through a bilingual comedy routine which suggests that, should fine art ever fall, Vanderbilt might offer new career opportunities. Not that Snow needs them. Versatile, inventive, he's been a jack of many trades and master of them all: painter, musician, sculptor, printmaker, teacher (Yale University), writer, book producer and, of course, film-maker and photographer. Since the late, great Maxwell Dickson, few



Other artists can claim expertise in as many different ones.

"One thing just leads to another," says Snow. In the early '60s, using the jazz-based technique of themes and variations, he worked and reworked a Walking Woman image, painting her, etching her, moulding her, sculpting her and starting her in his first important film, the 1964 *New York Eye and Ear Control*. Two years later he made *Woodstock*, the movie which made him by winning first prize in the Fourth International Film Festival in Brussels and later, almost every award there was to be won. As low, relentless, 45-minute cartoons were accompanied by a rising electronic howl, *Woodstock* finally focused

Snow images ad infinitum in "Authorization" (1989) what he sees in what we get.

on a lyrical photograph of the sea, panning as its title which refers to sound, mood and color waves. With process and product, refrain, and single-minded metaphor settled in one frame, it became an instant icon in structural cinema and inspired later films such as *Back and Forth*, a 30-minute-long, head-wrenching pan of an empty classroom which caused a riot at one screening in New York. Snow constantly replicates, producing books that are like films, films that are like books and photographs composed of instant stroke by stroke like paintings.

He's about to make another film, but he seldom goes to other people's movies. "You laugh when the actors laugh, cry when they cry, I get moved like everybody else," Snow explains. "But I'd rather be doing something more inventive on my own. You have to play, take chances, do things you've never done before, experience footage you've never felt before. Otherwise you're just on a roller coaster, repeating what you already know. It may be a way of giving someone else something new to give yourself something new."

Merika Walker

Switch on and drop off, subliminally

The serene, soothing voice of psychoanalyst Sigmund Freud comes on the

air every night at 11 o'clock, waging listeners to lose track, make themselves comfortable (the music, that is, calm and very relaxing—no relaxing in fact, but it may be a threat to public safety. The program has to be interrupted every few minutes to warn drivers listening at an air car radio to switch stations lest they



be lured to sleep at the wheel.

The half-hour program on radio station CMC in the Laurentians (just an hour north of Montreal) is not the average middle-of-the-road pop instead it's Canada's only current experiment in subliminal broadcasting and it's designed to aid highway safety. The thing, it is worth, for an insurance company to underwrite a tough day, but hardly recommended for the traffic on the busy Laurentian autoroute.

The half-hour experimental program began three months ago, with listeners being invited to write in for questionnaires (a pilot sleep test program) and to let the operators evaluate the effects of the inaudible subliminal messages superimposed over the music. Though the broadcasts have been denounced in letters in the Montreal press as "the most subtle kind of brain washing," responses have generally been favorable. One disbeliever, Corinne Chabot, says almost 800 listeners have participated and early results should be ready by February or March.

Graham Fraser

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David Oliver

If you knew sushi like I know sushi

It's the complete treat," says photographer Lauren Nacht, dishing a combination of eel, rice and cucumber neatly wrapped in dried seaweed. Joel Gray, Richard Dreyfuss and Lina Mercalli are converts, and Toronto hotel owner Fred Brada, in New York on a business trip, confessed to three orders in 24 hours. Sushi, the traditional Japanese raw fish and rice meal, has become Manhattan's latest fad-food craze.

"At lunchtime, 70 to 80 per cent of our clients are Westerners," says Nori Hishikawa, manager of Hishikawa of U.S.A., a popular sushi establishment where lines of eager diners stretch into the street. Diners find raw fish a little scary lunch with a lot more up than cottage cheese and for natural food enthusiasts sushi is the perfect restaurant solution—no artificial colors, flavors or preservatives.



Diners sit at long bars, where they can watch the chefs at work slicing mackerel, sea urchin and octopus with eye-buffing rapidity, or twirling a carbon steel knife around a cucumber so deftly that the result is a parchment-like roll that no food processor could reproduce. "It's like watching people do ballet with their hands," says Brada.

The sushi bar also offers New Yorkers a palate break. In a city where some expensive restaurants treat their efforts like kids lining up for juice and cookies, a touch of serene Japanese hospitality goes a long way toward taking the shock out of that first bite of raw eel.

Rita Christopher



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Food/News

The soya dog: the same old dog minus the meat

Alan Kempton has liked hotdogs as ever since he was a boy. Now, at 46, he is building a better hotdog. With the help of a \$20,000 research grant from the federal ministry of agriculture, Kempton, a biologist at Ontario's University of Waterloo, is attempting to create a "soya dog."

A year and a half into his two-year study of the honorable wiener, Kempton is encouraged by the progress he is making. "By July of next year I think we'll finally be able to scientifically explain what a good wiener is and how to put it together," he says confidently of his work. One major problem has been getting such potential ingredients as soybean protein, powdered skim milk and egg white to meld into a perfect, juicy but crunchy package, because "nobody wants a mushy hotdog."

Kempton's goal is to come up with a hotdog that will be 50 per cent non-meat protein, but still remain a hit at the ball game. With beef prices up more than 70 per cent from last year, hotdogs are feeling the economic squeeze as much as ribs. A non-meat version, then, could be a big part of the "new wave" in food. Even now Kempton believes that

the hotdog is a nutritious, economical and much underrated food for singles and the elderly, "those who just need a couple of winners and can keep the rest refrigerated for a week or so."

But it is that ability of packaged meats like hotdogs to be kept refrigerated "for a week or so" that has raised a furor over their preservatives. Commercial hotdogs generally contain sodium nitrite, which has been identified as a potential cancer-causing agent.

On this aspect of his hotdog Kempton isn't proposing changes; the new version will likely use the same additives as its meaty best.

And while the soya dog may not be the perfect frankfurter of the future, the bus may be another cause for worry. American nutritionist H. L. Nienbold reports that hotdog buns contain certain additives that can make an individual more aggressive and violent—prove. **Marsha Boulton**

Researcher Jayne Blacconette tests the product: takes frankfurter of the future?



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Moore and Durelle: nearly neighbors now

Exactly 30 years ago this month—an Dec. 30, 1958—perhaps the most spectacular light-heavyweight match in boxing history was fought in Montreal. "Ancient" Archie Moore, the world champion, a skilled tactical boxer of indeterminate age—"somewhere between 42 and 49" was the closest sportsmen could come—against the Canadian and British Empire champion, Yves Durelle, a muscular young fisherman from Saint John's, New Brunswick.

No one expected much of a fight. Experts opined that the cagey Moore would handle 32-year-old Durelle's fast-

footed slugging with dispatch. So they, along with the thousands of shrieking fans at the Forum and U.S. and Canadian TV audiences, were startled when Durelle pummeled Moore to the canvas three times in the first round, twice for a nine count. Again in the fifth round Moore went down. But then the pattern of the fight shifted, and Moore inexorably gained dominance. He sent Durelle down briefly in the seventh, punished him severely in the eighth and ninth, and floored him again for an eight count at the bell in the 10th. At 49 seconds of the 11th round the fight was over, Moore the winner by a KO, his world championship still intact. In his dressing-room afterward Durelle sobbed and said "I was trying too hard, that was my mistake. I was too eager."

This 30th anniversary happens to find the ex-boxers within a few hundred miles of each other in the Maritimes

Durelle is back in New Brunswick, where his main sport now is curling. ("When I curl there's lots of noise," he says. "I like to be in the ring.") Moore, whose home is in San Diego, California, is spending a year in Nova Scotia lecturing school kids about vandalism, drug and alcohol abuse and, in between, teaching a little boxing.

Not surprisingly, both fighters still recall their classic match vividly. "I could never forget it," says Moore. "It was one of the toughest fights of my whole career. Durelle was certainly a competitive young man and a tremendous fighter with both hands." More succinctly, Durelle recalls "It was a hell-a fight."

Moore remembers the match's turning point coming when he went back to his corner after Durelle's devastating punch flattened him in the fifth. His corner stood him missing and his emboldened trainers told him to turn and wave to his wife, supposedly sitting somewhere behind Durelle's corner. "I guess that took effect on Durelle. He thought I was laughing and waving at him after he knocked me down. I think it affected him psychologically."

Moore's current work isn't new to him. He started a successful youth program called ABC (for Any Boy Can) in California in 1966. Later he worked with youngsters and coached boxing in Nigeria. He was persuaded to visit Nova Scotia by Harland Hastings, a Halifax doctor whom he first met in Jamaica 30 years ago. "Archie is much bigger than boxing," Hastings believes. "He is the legendary fighter, but quite apart from that he is a terrific motivator of young people."

Back in Saint John's, Durelle remains an unrepentant and proud-outward as ever, despite a clutch of personal setbacks. Financial problems have often stalked him—"I never made a dime from boxing," he says. Last year he was acquitted of a second-degree murder charge after the defense argued that the victim, shot outside a bar Durelle owned, had lunged provoked the fighter and the killing was in self-defense. At 49, Durelle spends his time helping his wife around the house, attending sports events, and making daily trips to nearby Chatham for coffee and talk with friends.

In January they will celebrate at a reunion dinner in Saint John, N.B. In the meantime, "Ancient" Archie will mark another event this month: his birthday on Dec. 13 when, he credibly will be "somewhere between 60 and 70."

David Fekter

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PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE FOR THE OREGON JOURNAL

A one-woman library of love

Lord Versham fastened the window and turned to see her in the midnight standing in her white nightgown with her fair hair streaming over her shoulders and Bobo in her arms.

She looked so lovely that he drew in his breath and only with the greatest difficulty prevented himself from rushing towards her and pulling her against him.

"We will get Bobo a bottle," he said.

We are on page 135 of *The Wife* (the writing *Wife*), by the world's most prolific writer of such fiction.

Barbara Cartland has over 180 pages now, Lord Versham has been nothing but skittish young birds who fall down the well chasing that script. Bobo But Lord Versham is patient, as patient as a Barbara Cartland reader, waiting for that breathless blizzard of data, that syntactical storm that signals shudders Cartland's always held out till the last page, and her readers like it that way.

Barbara Cartland's name is on every paperback rack; Bantam publishes two of her new books every month. She's the long-reigning queen of the "romantic" romantic novel, and at 71, she shows no signs of running off the track, although 1978 was not a bumper year. "Only 18 books this year, I'm afraid," she sighs. "Now 1979, that was a really good year. Twenty-four books. I should be the Guinness Book of World Records with that total."

The Cartland fiction factory is Carefield Place, a baronial mansion on 400 green acres in Hertfordshire, about 45 minutes from Piccadilly Circus. Her trademark, an immaculate white Rolls-Royce, stands in the gravelled driveway in front of the century-old house. "Over there," she tells her visitors, "is an oak tree planted on the spot where Queen Elizabeth I killed her first stag."



Barbara Cartland barely looks up a tall, robust woman with an ample figure and elegantly coiffed platinum blonde hair. Her clothes are designed by the Queen's couturier, Norman Hartnell, "an old friend."

Someone once called her a cross between Miss West and Lady Crox, but upper-class British elegance is more her style.

The white Pezinese ring constantly at her finger in her lap looks as if it is blue-dyed daily.

Both middle-aged Cartland was an executive in her corporation. The secretaries, in shifts, passed away at typewriters in the dark recesses of the mansion. A stenographer in a hand promptly at 1 p.m. each day, when Barbara Cartland reclines on a chaise longue, arranges her latest Hartnell comfortably around her and begins to tell a story. "Then comes screaming 'Puff!' in every line," she dictates, describing the heroine of *A Princess in Distress*, "and she wore jewelry which was reported to have been brought at her small feet by two of the Crowded Heads of Europe." The 15,000-word manuscript goes on for several hours. Then she rises, the secretary staggers off to her studies and by the end of the day Barbara Cartland is reading the latest chapter of her current book-in-progress.

"Dictation is why my books sell so well, my dear," she insists. "When you dictate, you tend to tell your story in six short little paragraphs. My readers detect long paragraphs. Short ones look so much nicer, don't you agree?"

After seven days on the couch her new book is completed, for an audience who loves to read the same story again and again. The historic settings change, dukes become barons or lords, but the

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Readings

overs always feature the same melting embrace, with the couple fully clothed (generally in Russian shelling costume or riding leotards) and verging on rapturous unconcernness. The titles (*Never Laugh At Love, Punishment of a Vice, Say Yes, Semantics*) are in small type, under the author's name, with large. The title of every novel is really Barbara Cartland.

With her total worldwide sales approaching the 100-million-book mark, she sells just about everywhere except Russia and China. "I do very well in the Middle East," she reports, "and have lots of men readers there. The Arabs like their women virgins. I'm told Egypt's President Sadat is sent copies of everything I write as soon as it comes off the press."

Bartan has long since learned that whatever Barbara writes, sells, so they've rocked all their promotional guns for a big salvo. "I'll be over in North America for two weeks in March," she confides, "to do all the TV shows and things like that. I love it over there. Norman has already designed some nice new things for me to wear when I go." And then there is a new record in the works: Barbara Cartland's *Album of Love Songs*. (Her backup men) had the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. *My Wonderful, Alotage, A Nightingale Song in Berkeley Square*, she waxes through all of them very credibly, taking the moments with new measures of her life and loves, which include a deceased husband, and 49 million.

"She went about it very seriously," recalls record producer Norman Newell. "Each music session I picked her costumes very carefully. After watching her operate up close I can see how she has managed to write and sell 100 million books, she's 100-per-cent pro."

A debutante at the end of World War I, Cartland got started in 1922 writing as a Fleet Street gossip columnist. Then the novels began and she never looked back. Can she explain why her teen-girl novels keep selling in an age when adult classiness is almost an eccentricity? "It's the pornography, dear," she explains. "My readers are sick of it. After all, you can't get more naked than naked and my readers begin to wonder if they're normal when they don't have sex upside down springing from themselves. No, my readers want to read about ladies being made love to gently in the moon light with a frilly nightgown, and that's what I give them." On the last page.

Arthur F. Gonzales Jr.



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Columns

The middle-class three Rs

Madison's is to be commended for drawing a fair picture of the independent school movement in Ontario, *A Decade of Change in Public Education* (New 33). This is the first article by a major Canadian magazine to show the essentially middle-class support for such schools, a much misunderstood fact, since the popular image of independent schools is that they serve only the financial elite.

LYLE McINTYRE, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR,
ONTARIO ASSOCIATION OF ALTERNATIVE
AND INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS,
TORONTO

A backseat driver honks

After reading *The Rebelless Drivers Who Won't Let Up* (Nov. 12), I would like to tell Graham Fraser and anyone else who believes there is a "locking" movement of the women's movement in North America" that they are misled. Women are surely learning that the efforts of media coverage and publicity are ephemeral. To achieve actual results, the power structures, be they political, economic, academic or cultural, are quickly being penetrated by ever-increasing numbers of women. And only then, when there are female representatives in every aspect of decision-making, shall our interests be served. The list of grievances is long and has been ignored for just as long. But these gentlemen, on our side. History has proven those who believe an issue is dead when the dust has done are generally convinced otherwise. The battle is won when the opponent is in the dark.

HELENA KONG, TORONTO

A killer with pizzazz

After reading *The First Picture Show* (Nov. 6), I feel you can say anything you like about Garth Drabinsky. You can refer to him as a magnanimous if you wish, but he has the duck and gander that marked the Mayers and the Goldwags of postwar, along with the flair and showmanship that characterized the likes of Joseph E. Levine, Sam Katz and Sol Reich. Where are Canada's equivalents of Italy's Pirelli or De Laurentiis? Or Sweden's Bergman? Let's not be quite so demanding about a Canadian producer who might, in fact, have some of the killer instinct to succeed. I think we have to agree that Drabinsky is already fulfilling his role as a successful movie producer, whether or not you are L.

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Catherine

or anyone else might agree with his short-term objectives, his sense of values, or his disregard for the interests of others in his quest for success.

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Drabinsky: more than a restaurateur

Garth Drabinsky's goals are never, as you describe, resented. I have studied them at close quarters during several script meetings (as co-writer of *The Champ*) and found them to be selfish, arrogant, wrong, waterlogged, picturesque and unconnected. But never ever resentful. Of course, he's a clever fellow. It's possible his goals took on this interesting appearance because he anticipated the hatred job your writer would subsequently write.

ALAN G. SCOTT,
MONTREAL, QUEBEC

Parlez-vous encore

In your report on the problems of French-language film-makers in Canada, *Parlez-vous CFC?* (Dec. 30), you rightly recognize the \$1.8-million contribution of the Institut Québécois du Cinéma but the Institut is not alone. This year the Canadian Film Development Corporation will invest \$1 million in eight French-language films. Another \$500,000 will go into the development of five films for future production.

MICHAEL J. NICOLAS
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR,
CANADIAN FILM DEVELOPMENT
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Preview

DECEMBER 11, 1978

We stand on trial for thee

Jacques and Louise Cossette-Trudel, the exiled kidnapers of British Trade Commissioner James



Concrete Trouble Remy, based on the novel by Pierre Miner, is accused of kidnapping, conspiracy, possession of illegal weapons and assault. Should the couple plead guilty, as their Montreal lawyer Serge Menard has indicated they will, the course of justice will be swift and unrelenting. However, a non-guilty plea could turn the trial into an inquiry into the off-shore dealings of the 1970 October Crisis. At the time, Remy was Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's confidant, a witness



Creative Travel: Flying back in the face of a disaster

will decline. Farther news, which the citizens won't warm to, is the prediction that in the next 10 years, 25 per cent of incomes will be eaten up by energy costs. Not surprisingly, a large migration of residents to _____ Alberta is also projected.

Whazzzzzat?

Since the season is to be jolly as upon us, shopping sales are undoubtedly on the rise, but so, too, are losses due to shoplifting. However, one New York chain of department stores is using subliminal suggestions in their Muzak system to deter store-wide thefts. The messages, transmitted below the level of conscious hearing, repeat the words, "I am honest, I will not steal!" and appear

ently buyers have taken the instructions to heart. In the six weeks the system has been operational, shoplifting has decreased by 30 per cent. Canadians need not worry about being seduced into honesty this winter, however, since no stores have tried the system.

Shape of things to come

As Wintnappers settled into the winter doldrums last week, they were united by news more depressing than the weather. A report prepared for the Wintnapp Development Review Plan by economist David Young predicts that in the next decade real spending power in Wintnapp will decline by \$1,500 per household and growth will slow drastically or halt. According to the study, the city's tourism and convention business will plummet, additional office and commercial space won't be needed and the demand for housing

No sex, we're Mexican

In an effort to prevent sexual assaults in its public transit system, Mexico City is considering sexually segregated subway cars during rush hours. An experiment now in effect on one of Mexico City's three main subway lines requires female and male passengers to ride in separate cars, the first three reserved for women, the last six for men. So far the trial system has resulted in fewer cases of assault and fewer complaints from women about over-crowded men squeezing their breasts and fondling their buttocks.

Notes

Cover Story

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Supertypes!

But will the movie fly?

Saperstein, the most expensive movie ever made, is also the most hyped-up and linked to the real world. It's a thriller, actually, as we watch lead and director Saperstein, who is a former inmate and would-be get the Man of Steel of his ground? Nobody will know and Dec. 10, when the movie is scheduled to reach theaters, Saperstein's looks of the merchandising industry that Saperstein has created and kills the story of its uncertain transformation into a film called as well as the film that has outlast David O. Reardon on *One Year the Wind*. One of the leads was Canada's Meryl Streep. In fact, one of the lead's creators was a Canadian too—Joe Shusterman, last seen in the comic *Saperstein* in 1998.



Canadian News ... 30
 Survivors on the Mend with a promise of leaving behind them Churchill Menelike into the bright hope for Ontario's slow-growing kids how billions millions are behind pointers keep athletes away in Alberta and gas leaks into the bargain the ultimate Christmas gift from Down East

The World 26
 China is in an uproar as citizens dare to cry out
 against a rich, powerful official who is accused of
 human rights violations. Activists in Mexico
 are angry Cambodia may be voting in the
 Balkans. Jeremy Thompson is a good fit on the
 left, also writes on human rights. Stockholm
 after the election. The CIA and Iran. Korea down
 in flames.

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New Zealand's coast of investment age trouble it
London, London and London The U.S.A. - London



Canadian News

The Sermons on the Mount: isn't this where we came in?

By Ian Urquhart

It was in the final day of last week's federal-provincial conference on the economy, a weary Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, having just endured yet another harangue from the Quebec delegation about Ottawa's policies, turned to Manitoba Premier Sterling Lyon who was addressing the banquet to speak first. Trudeau smiled and said "Premier Weir".

Maitre Weir has not been premier of Manitoba since 1969. But few could blame Trudeau for the slip because, as the conference drew to a close, the sense of his age had been there before was overpowering. The wonder was that Trudeau managed not to doze off during the three days of endless discussion and political doggerel in provincial premiers and federal ministers alike. Usually difficult to follow, was Trudeau's assessment of the conference in his wrap-up statement: "In

the eyes of almost all of us," he concluded, "this has been a successful conference."

In fact, the conference accomplished little. It was meant to be a follow-up to the February federal-provincial conference, which discussed structural economic problems and tentative solutions. Canada, nearly everyone agrees, needs a new industrial strategy to take the place of John A. Macdonald's 60-year-old national policy of tariff protection and railway promotion. But few can agree on the nature of such a strategy. In an effort to fill the void, the federal government produced dozens of position papers and policy statements for representatives to list week's conference. These were supplemented by other papers from the provinces, particularly British Columbia and Ontario, and from teams of business and labor leaders set up to study Canada's manufacturing industries. It was in all Ottawa, the provinces, business and labor were trying to

draw the problem in words. But all that paper did not produce agreement.

The conference did agree to a platform for the announcement of two new agreements between Ottawa and Alberta in the energy field. The agreements had been reached the week before at a private meeting between federal Energy Minister Alexander Gillepie and his Alberta counterpart, Don Getty. But Ottawa wanted the conference to endorse the action taken. That was no problem for one of the agreements—the lowering of the price of natural gas for new customers in Eastern Canada to expand the market for the fuel. But the provinces balked at the other—suspension of the scheduled oil price hike on Jan. 1. The oil-consuming provinces, particularly Ontario, were keen about enforcing that agreement because it also included a commitment to increase the above world price for oil in price later on with increases scheduled for July 1,

1979 and Jan. 1, 1980. Although two price hikes would be less and than three, the consumers, Ontario's Bill Davis did not want to be seen to be supporting any price hike at all. Davis, in effect, washed his hands of the affair and left it to Ottawa and Alberta to decide.

The whole exercise left many observers among the guests, who had posted in the past to expect federal-provincial conferences, wondering about the manner they had helped create. Last week's conference was the third held in the past two years and the second in less than a month, including the constitutional conference at the end of October. Besides creating jobs for translators and a new market for paper napkins, little appears to have been achieved. Trudeau, however, disagreed with that assessment at his post-conference meeting with the press: "I would say that the other provinces and ourselves went through a lot of tedious reports and statements of positions, which were not only tedious for us to produce but I suppose for you, the media, to report on. But they were all very important. Maybe progress is better."

Trudeau also disagreed with suggestions that more would have been accomplished had the meeting been held in com-

posed surroundings of the economy, involving its jurisdiction and back in its aid. Quebec Premier René Lévesque and his ministers, who had adopted a relatively low profile at federal-provincial conferences until last week, were evidently responding to polls that showed the voters in their province want them to get together with Ottawa. That performance left the other provinces, some of which had come to Ottawa with a genuine interest in finding solutions, nothing, and may have destroyed Lévesque's hard-earned credibility with his English-speaking counterparts.

In contrast, Alberta's Peter Lougheed, previously a harsh critic of Ottawa, adopted a conciliatory line during the conference. There were suggestions he was simply happy over the Grey Cup victory of his old team, the Edmonton Eskimos, as the son of the conference. "But even before the conference began, Lougheed and Alberta were in a nonpromising mood, which led to the agreement with Ottawa on oil and gas prices. Those agreements, forestalling a constitutional crisis on the pricing issue, had seemed out of reach just a few weeks before when Lougheed had left the constitutional conference with the core message that he was not satisfied. He suffered considerable criticism for his uncompromising stance at that conference and seemed to be determined to be more

flexible last week. But even before the conference began, Lougheed and Alberta were in a nonpromising mood, which led to the agreement with Ottawa on oil and gas prices. Those agreements, forestalling a constitutional crisis on the pricing issue, had seemed out of reach just a few weeks before when Lougheed had left the constitutional conference with the core message that he was not satisfied. He suffered considerable criticism for his uncompromising stance at that conference and seemed to be determined to be more

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ers. "I think the conferees would have been the same. We might have got something a bit more quickly with the blinding lights in my eyes. But, if that is important for the people of Canada to see how we operate, I am happy."

What the people of Canada, or at least those officials who were actually

involved last week. But even before the conference began, Lougheed and Alberta were in a nonpromising mood, which led to the agreement with Ottawa on oil and gas prices. Those agreements, forestalling a constitutional crisis on the pricing issue, had seemed out of reach just a few weeks before when Lougheed had left the constitutional conference with the core message that he was not satisfied. He suffered considerable criticism for his uncompromising stance at that conference and seemed to be determined to be more

National

Land of the small-time spenders

Just like the other industry but, unlike other Canadians, they drive Ferraris, Chimeras and Dodge Shinnings (a national expertise, they deposit their money in savings accounts yielding a modest eight or nine per cent. They prefer to live in the suburbs, but they do not mind. Their average age is 42, their average education level is the 10th grade. These are the instant millionaires, the lucky ones who are not the buyers of the lottery tickets that they throw overnight to lose and fortune. Just like everybody else—only richer.

Two months later Canada releases a scientific study of the altered lifestyles of 60 Canadian lottery big-winners, with special emphasis on millionaires. Its author, Roy Koplan, a respected American sociologist, and his French-speaking researcher, Marjolaine Martin, both drive more than 8,000 miles across Canada's lottery big-winners. They find the winners reluctant to leave their homes for long stretches. Last week Martin's was given an advance look at what they learned.

After the initial euphoria wears off, most winners turn out to be slow movers and big losers who quietly re-

*Lougheed's stance is upheld in the 1980 review.

[illegible]

Visiting the ghost of Churchill past

By Peter Carlyle-Goodale

Peter Hory, chief engineer of the \$1-million Churchill Town Centre complex, sadly pointed his team last week less than 700 miles north to Winnipeg to look for work. He had held the job since the centre opened in 1975, was fired—and still liked Churchill. He quit a good job in a town with 25 per cent unemployment, because his conscience wouldn't let him. "It's not this centre, people would take an annual budget of \$1.2 million and this year it will scrape along on \$760,000," he explained bitterly before he left. "It's like having a brand-new car but not having enough money to change the oil. We don't have enough engineers or maintenance men and sooner or later something will go badly, perhaps dangerously, wrong."

But what on earth in Churchill, population 1,800 and falling, doing with such a palatial complex containing everything from a high school, civic offices and a hospital to a hockey arena, curling rink, bowling alley, poolroom, swimming pool, theatre, library, cafeteria and such minor trappings as a \$16,000 children's sled in the form of a solitary polar bear? Residents alternately admit the centre—which they appreciate but didn't ask for—a Cadillac, a white elephant and a millstone. It might equally be termed a monument to bureaucratic egoism or a grand scale—as expensive piece of driftwood left behind by a fast-receding tide of what Mayor Les Oland, 57, calls "mass exodus."

These northern supergiants are federal and provincial government employees who do a brief stint in the North, set wheels in motion, then stage south, leaving the permanent residents to cope with what's left behind. In Churchill they have left quite a lot.

Churchill and its "suburbs" lie at the mouth of the Churchill River on the southwestern shore of Hudson Bay. From its modern port facilities, 25 to 30 million barrels of wheat and barley are loaded during the three ice-free months each summer for shipment via the short arctic route to Europe. A mile back from the elevators the town's distaste about its imposing new centre. To the east

spreads what's left of Fort Churchill, the once bustling military base. Above it, a village built by the white man for the Inuit and now largely boarded up, and Dene Village, here for an estimated number of Chippewas and Indians.

The whole of the Canadian West was opened up by Hudson's Bay Company traders pushing inland from the first Fort Churchill they built 260 years ago, and the earliest Prairie grain farmers imagined, severing the route as a shortcut for their grain shipments, avoiding the long haul down the Great Lakes. By 1908 they'd won a commitment from Sir Wilfrid Laurier, but the CNA didn't complete the meagre railroad route until 21 years later, the first grain shipments began in 1930. War brought Churchill its first boom when the U.S. Air Force built a long-range bomber base that furnished until intercontinental ballistic missiles made it obsolete in the '50s. The addition of a Canadian base for giving troops northern training and an experimental rocketry range used by the National Research Council for atmospheric studies gave Churchill a peak population of 4,000. But then the armies were recalled and Churchill shrank gradually to 2,500. Civil servants and their paycheques remained plentiful, though the town was still a struggling, third-tiered town.

For all that, as Churchill entered the 1970s, "things seemed to kick up," the 50th anniversary of St. Scherzer had pledged at election to pump money into the North to make amends for decades of neglect, and Churchill asked for a modest \$800,000 sewer and water system. What it got instead was a \$40-million, federal-provincial, two-city—not only the required municipal planning system but also paved streets, two apartment blocks, 300 new rental housing units and the splendid three-town centre—three football fields and a gymnasium to bring a cultural, educational and recreational services in from the northern mid- (or 60°C is not unusual). In addition, the National Harbours Board proceeded to spend \$12 million on improving port facilities while the province established the Churchill Polarization Plant to pro-

cess the new houses and train unemployed residents—mostly natives—to erect them.

As Mayor Oland recalls the renaming of Churchill, "We were never consulted about the plan but we didn't say 'no.' Too much happened too fast. Re-

ports were flown in and flown out. Local businessmen were just watching and darning off the leftovers while the big contracts went to outsiders. As the good government grew, so I think grew."

The taking over started even as the building began, when the National Re-

sources Council slashed its Churchill town from 200 to 60 in 1973, now at 25, it may be down to five by spring. Worse followed. As town administrator Elise Forest recalls, "Everyone assumed that once the new housing was built, public works employees would move from the military base downtown." Instead, hundreds of federal workers were transferred right out of town and the town began to demolish the fort's 300 houses and two big administration buildings—in one town, one the map, or "Ottawa is spending \$2 to \$3 million on outside contractors to knock down \$50 million worth of installations which might be useful to the town one day. It's senseless." Ottawa also moved its administration staff for the Eastern Arctic (Kivalliq) far north to Fox Harbour Bay and Rankin Inlet. Algodit was closed down. By 1975 the local paper, *Thrive Times*, had folded, and soon afterward the CN cut its staff from 18 to one—and today there is none.

Churchill began to feel like a little shovelled with grief and, only, to its

sewn-decked downtown Churchill, the Town Centre complex at left rear, and (below) interior town square. Two northern stars will survive the winter of their displacement.

sewn-decked downtown Churchill, the Town Centre complex at left rear, and (below) interior town square. Two northern stars will survive the winter of their displacement.

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bejected at the altar. The final slap was the election of Premier Sterling Lyon's Conservative government in the fall of 1977. Pledged to eliminate "wre waste and mismanagement," it closed the Churchill Post-Box Plant, which had gobbled up \$6 million in four years. The servers trained and put to work were reassigned once again to the welfare rolls and the Churchill branch of Atomic Energy now a failed in attendance. So far Jack O'Connor, owner of Arctic Hydrogen bulk drink and potato chips. "The closing was a cruel blow. The present government says if something doesn't make a profit, to hell with it. They'd sooner put out welfare."

But the Churchill survivors, now settled in for one more long winter's wage, are sticking because they love the life there. It's the place of their life there. "I've seen all the other towns who one level south were looking for, 'some-where over the rainbow' they left behind them. There's a feeling of being down to other people here, a feeling that we're all in the same boat," says Doreen Oland, school-board member and the mayor's wife, and mother of six. Besides the indoor recreation available at the new town centre, "It's a good outdoor life—lots of snowmobiling and snow-shoeing." Like others she grumbles about high northern prices (steak \$2.30 a pound, hamburger \$1.98 a pound, milk 77 cents a litre compared to 55 cents in Winnipeg) but when Madeline visited the Olands, there it just returned from Winnipeg and were clearly relieved to be home. Says Chantel of Consensus Charities Co. Chapter, "I guess this really is the winter of our discontent—but the survivors will be the true northers." Last winter, the northers, they're quick to find grounds for optimism.

Research The Churchill Northern Studies Centre, offering university-level courses in ecology and modern lab facilities for visiting scientific researchers, was created two years ago by Churchill residents with Manitoba and government help. Outgoing to 50 people at a time, it plans modest expansion.

Polar bears Churchill's five hotels already accommodate many winter tourists who go to study northern flora and fauna and visit museums from polar bears. Southern travel agents are starting to offer package tours.

Greater grace shipments The port can handle more if only CS would improve its roadhead to withstand the new and heavier hoppers, says Churchill business manager, suggesting liberal eastern ports and Jack O'Connor, one of the town's daughter survivors, offers his own starkly prophetic view of the future. "If Quebec were to separate and redivide around to the St. Lawrence, it would be the best thing that ever happened to Churchill." ☐



Sewn-decked downtown Churchill, the Town Centre complex at left rear, and (below) interior town square. Two northern stars will survive the winter of their displacement.



The long and the short and the tall

At the best of times, parents have difficulty answering their children's questions. But why is the sky blue? and where do babies come from? while demanding a certain amount of ingenuity in the handling, pale in comparison to a question that children with growth hormone deficiencies have been asking their parents endlessly: Why aren't I being allowed to grow? The answer until recently has been a tricky one that, more often than not, reduced both child and parent to tears.

It is simple that public awareness of the problem has been so vague—there are only about 200 such children in Canada, 100 of them in Ontario—that not

enough people are donating the pituitary glands to science after death. Consequently, growth hormone which can be extracted from the glands and made into a serum to be injected into children who have stopped growing is always in short supply. Youngsters who suffer from hypopituitary dwarfism attain a four-year-old size and then have to wait, suffering emotional trauma, until they reach the top of a long waiting list. For the treatment to do any good, patients must receive the injections before their bones mature.

Last week the Ontario government brought in an amendment to the Concor's Act that would allow pathologists to remove the pituitary—a small gland the size of a large pea located inside the middle of the forehead—during the course of any autopsy. Chief Coroner H. Beatty Oetman, who has for years been pushing programs to educate the general public about the need to donate various parts of their bodies to help oth-



Graciela Moreno and Dr. John Bailey, waiting to reach the top of the list.

ers, figured the legislation would provide about 30,000 glands a year, double the number received through voluntary donations. The glands would not be removed if there were objections from the donor's family.

The legislation, introduced by Attorney General, Roy McMurtry, came partly in response to a media blitz organized by Wynne Rodonow, a Toronto woman whose seven-year-old son, Tim, had stopped growing and was an impatient three feet, four inches waiting to catch up to the rest of the kids in his class. "It's not destroying him by any means, there is no psychological or emotional damage yet," said his mother. The strain is much more evident in children heading into their teens, when they find themselves separated by a large gulf from their peers—who are twice their size and experiencing puberty—while they are mistaken for eight-year-olds.

One 14-year-old girl visiting a clinic at Toronto Hospital for Sick Children could barely talk about her condition without getting upset. "People sometimes push me around, they don't respect me as a person because I am so small," said Graciela Moreno who, after coming to Canada from Ecuador three years ago, developed a tumor which left her blind in one eye and cut off her natural supply of growth hormone. She stands just four inches over four feet and would benefit immensely from the injections for which she has been waiting 18 months. "She never talks about it," says her father. "She keeps a smile on her. When I see her crying I tell her, 'There is no need to be sad.' She thinks it is her fault." Doctors treating the growth-substituted children hope the legislation will eliminate the waiting list for pituitary injections. Judith Tim-ss

Stalking the wild pork chop

When "W. Ernest Christmas" is a good deal for owners of the international deer club to reach for pen and checkbook and fill their gift lists from the elegant suggestions in a special section of the, the fortnightly tabloid published by Women's Wear Only of New York for its rich and fashionable consumer. Topping the week's pricey array (from "butterfly crossweave" \$12 to a possum through 60 karat diamond earrings \$24,100) were the items in last week's issue. A promise of wild boar on Maine and Siberian Island. Moose Sticks at \$1,950,000.



From the "Best In The House" in 87 lands.

The writing is on the wall



Day after day the posters as Peking's "Wall of Democracy" had been getting more resistant. Debunking remarks about the once-Great Helmsman Mao Tse-tung were intended to his successor, Chairman Huo Kuo-feng, demands that Vice-President Teng Hsiao-ping should take over Huo's other job, the office of premier, struggled with strikes against the top man responsible for Teng's temporary denials after 1988 riots in Peking's T'ien An Men square. On Nov. 15, the *Sunday Morning* even signed into the columns of China's three official daily papers. A major event, dramatic changes in the leadership for instance, seemed about to burst upon a thoroughly rattled world. Rumors that the Chinese Communist party's central convention was in session steadily added to the number of ques-

tions being asked by Western diplomats, as much about the possible effects on the delicate balance of world power. By the end of last week, at least some of the answers had been given and they were none the less sensational because they came from the Chinese capital's ordinary citizens rather than from the corridors of power. What happened was that 18 years after the ill-fated Prague Spring, when ordinary ways spoke out for democracy in Czechoslovakia, in the depths of a Peking winter thousands of well-educated Chinese dared to call openly for human rights and democratic freedoms.

What they wanted, they made clear, was not to overthrow their Communist government but to liberate it, like the reformers of the late Cheng dynasty who struggled to save imperial rule by

changing its worst features. Soviet tanks crushed liberalization in Prague; the campaign by enlightened Chinese scholars to emulate Japan in 1898 lasted only 180 days, and it remains to be seen whether the two-week-old "Democracy Movement" in Peking fares any better. But it certainly went off with a bang. Western journalists and diplomats making a routine Saturday check at the Wall of Democracy suddenly found themselves besieged by eager questioners.

What, they were asked, is the state of democracy in your country? Can you outpace your leaders without being called a traitor? What do you think of Chairman Mao? The scenes were repeated the next day and the next. On one occasion the crowds learned that a United States journalist was due to have an interview with Teng. Would he ask a few questions on their behalf and report back? He would, and later did through an intermediary.

In return, the foreigners asked some questions of their own. Who would the Chinese vote for if there were an election for premier? A great shout of "Teng" and for chairman? Another shout, this time of "Huo," and, asked if



Teng (left) 10 years after the Prague Spring. Peking's walls call for reforms

they were not afraid to talk, an even greater shout of "Maozhuo" (we aren't scared).

Clearly they were not. No foreigners, even a Russian, could walk for long near the Wall of Democracy—which runs beside a bus depot on the Avenue of Eternal Truancy (T'ien)—without being engaged in conversation by someone speaking English and sometimes French or German. All the topics that foreigners leaned to talk about with ordinary Chinese were suddenly open for

discussion with the young reformers. They took at their model Speakers' Corner in London's Hyde Park, where anyone can stand up and say anything short of sedition in English. They took to Hyde Park, they said, from their reading and language studies—and the subjects discussed by the Wall were much the same: human rights, Western liberal standards, love and marriage, books and films. On a mere literary plane, one questioner wanted to know whether English speakers also find Shakespeare difficult to understand.

One of two newly formed "Democracy Study Groups" pointed up what it called

Issue No. 3 of a newsletter urging free elections for party officials, reforms in line with the Yugoslav model for factory management and employment, and a revision of the grip kept on people's lives by the security police. Identity papers should be simplified, the news-sheet said, and personal documents checked for accuracy.

Perhaps the biggest surprise, however, was that some young Chinese were willing to give foreigners their names and addresses, with a smiling invitation to "write to me when you have time." They had, they explained, emerged from a period of "total fascist dictatorship" which descended on China in the last years of Mao's life, when the Cultural Revolution brought chaos, regression, xenophobia and persecution of intellectuals.

That such engaging frankness, to say nothing of the scope of the reforms demanded, might not be altogether welcomed by China's leaders, became clear no last week when an "They, who some suspected had set up the white business to promote his own prospects in an internal power struggle, quickly repudiated that line of speculation by saying that, at 34, he was too old. He also, while describing the Wall itself as a healthy development, warned the young democrats against letting "democracy" become instability which could jeopardize China's great, partly neglected modernization within 20 years.

This means that in many areas the young people will not get what they want. One demand, for instance, for the

The old refrain at Dog's Leg and Angel's Wing

At the Chinese borderlands hardly get the 1800 km (about 1,100 miles) long border with Vietnam, intelligence experts in Washington were surprised when days in Hong Kong's newspapers, although against enlightened Communism, a force of 100,000 troops was posted on Cambodia's ordinary citizenry rather than from the corridors of power. What happened was that 18 years after the ill-fated Prague Spring, when ordinary ways spoke out for democracy in Czechoslovakia, in the depths of a Peking winter thousands of well-educated Chinese dared to call openly for human rights and democratic freedoms.

What they wanted, they made clear, was not to overthrow their Communist government but to liberate it, like the reformers of the late Cheng dynasty who struggled to save imperial rule by

its 325000 divisions, respected by a generation of American soldiers.

In fact the whole episode is unclear even today. The Vietnamese under General Van Tien Dung—like the Americans in 1970—largely left their divisions in August by pushing the Cambodians out of their highly strategic towns and a collection of French-planted rubber plantations some 100 miles north of Ho Chi Minh City (formerly known as Saigon). They then proceeded to cut up delicate problems in such potentially heated districts as the "Dog's Leg" and the "Angel's Wing" named after the shapes made by the border border.

According to reports from both Vietnamese and Bangkok, there was a major operation in the middle of last week after a 3,000-strong Cambodian force, were badly cut off by trying to halt 6,000 Vietnamese, getting displaced into Cambodia from Suoi. One of the towns captured in August.

The whole engagement, mentioned by American press outlets, was reminiscent of fighting during the Vietnam War. The Vietnamese moved out under heavy air

and/or bombardment. But in the fighting that followed they had more success than the Americans. In August, they had more success than the Americans. In August, they had more success than the Americans.

The outcome was not altogether unexpected. The Vietnamese in general have submitted the Cambodians in numbers leaving and captured. But one new element in the fighting did cause surprise—and grave concern—among Western observers. At least 100,000 Vietnamese soldiers, as well as 10,000 Vietnamese, were badly cut off by trying to halt 6,000 Vietnamese, getting displaced into Cambodia from Suoi. One of the towns captured in August.

Western experts do not think that the Vietnamese intend a full-scale attempt to overthrow the Cambodian government. Apart from the obvious external reasons, they are believed to be having trouble convincing some of the more recent results from what was the South Vietnamese. They have many business to be fighting on Cambodia. What Vietnamese want is thought to be to capture southern territory to set up a puppet government and provide a secure base for the Cambodians to finish the Cambodian civil war. Westerners are supposed to demand. Vietnam has been importing for months a propaganda campaign saying that arguments have been caused various forms of revolutionary violence, in 16 of Cambodia's 19 provinces. Westerners report that it is a very important to the Cambodians to make this claim. It is a little more clearly for the evidence is that the Cambodians regime is more strongly in the saddle than even in the time which has ruled without decision for 20 years. What Westerners report is that it is a very important to the Cambodians to make this claim. It is a little more clearly for the evidence is that the Cambodians regime is more strongly in the saddle than even in the time which has ruled without decision for 20 years. What Westerners report is that it is a very important to the Cambodians to make this claim. It is a little more clearly for the evidence is that the Cambodians regime is more strongly in the saddle than even in the time which has ruled without decision for 20 years.

William Lowther/David Allan

right of an individual to choose his own job, could undermine the present strict control on the movement of labor, especially from the countryside to the cities. And there is bound to be resistance to the argument that, since people have recently been given the right to elect leaders at the local level, they should also be entitled to choose who rules at the top, including who should be party chairman.

Yet the leadership must win over the young reformers if it can. For the first time, conditions exist in China for the emergence of dissident groups in the Soviet Union. Hundreds of young men and women have pocketed correspondence and diplomats' business cards and already some foreigners have even received telephone calls from Chinese who surfer had come up to them in the streets. If the students and young workers are prevented from achieving the permanent right to stand up and speak their minds in public and to put up posters on any subject without asking investigation, they now have the unprecedented option of going over the heads of their leaders and establishing covert channels of communication with foreigners.

Journalists and diplomats' telephone numbers have always been kept secret from ordinary Chinese. This is no longer the case and, short of changing all the numbers, there seems no way the leadership or security police can patch the gaping hole in the bamboo curtain.

In fact, however, the Chinese leadership itself has passed the curtain slightly over the past year to permit events to be watched much more closely than, say, in the latter years of Chairman Mao. Chinese leaders have been encouraging the globe in pursuit of their own current goals: modernization, which they have made clear with no less substantial trade and cultural contacts with the West (thousands of Chinese students are on their way to universities in Canada, the United States, Britain and elsewhere) and the reestablishing of what China regards as the expunged aims of the Soviet Union. In this case, China this year sent Chairman Hua to exchange friendly greetings with Romania's President Nicolae Ceausescu (see following story) and Yugoslavia's President Tito, has signed peace and trade treaties with its old foe Japan, and substantially increased its contacts with the United States and the European community, which Hua is expected to visit next year.

So in Canada, the United States and other Western countries, the latest developments were being watched with keen interest. In Ottawa, the reaction was curious: An External Affairs

spokesman pointed out that signs of openness had been seen before, notably in Mao's "Let a hundred flowers bloom" campaign in the 1950s, but had often had unhappy results as political power balances shifted and one day's orthodoxy became the next's heresy.

In Washington, where the Carter administration is split as to how to deal with Chinese National Security Adviser Zhaoguo Qizhenqi wants to form a close alliance with Peking while Secretary of State Cyrus Vance prefers a more even-handed line between China and the Soviet Union—the reaction was also curious. "It is could be seeing the start of the most significant historical movement of the final quarter of the century," said one diplomatic source. But "right now it's like we are stroking a tiger."

There were pointers in Peking that the Chinese leaders recognized that this reaction existed and wanted to allay fears that China was not determined to work quickly and calmly toward modernization. Teng went out of his way to tell Japanese visitors that there would be no changes at the top as a result of the central committee meeting and the size of the deconstructing crowds gradually dwindled.

By the week's end security guards were patrolling the places where, only a few days earlier, crowds had been given free rein. By that time, however, the news of the latest threatened invasion of China's ally Cambodia, by the Soviet Union's protégé Vietnam, was out and there were reports of large Soviet troop movements on the Chinese border. For a while other than those in Peking itself, it seemed, might debate the future course of reforms in China, as everywhere else in the world, a winter thaw can be all too brief.

**David North,
with correspondence files**

Romania

Another roar from the Balkans

In the Balkans, the mice are roaring. Earlier this summer, tiny Socialist Albania abruptly jettisoned its "unbreakable friendship" with China. Last week Romania, which shares a long land border with the Soviet Union, thumbed its nose at Soviet proposals for an increase in military spending and for tighter Kremlin control over the series of its Eastern European allies in the Warsaw Pact.

The latest row to divide Eastern Europe appeared to stem from the Soviet Union's obsession with China—and its insistence on strengthening its defenses against what it regards as a new Chinese threat. Romania's President Nicolae Ceausescu, long the joker in the Soviet pack, has consistently differed with the Kremlin's interpretation.

Ceausescu's new act of defiance was the more daring since it concerned the highly sensitive issue of defence spending. Not the least of his crimes, in Soviet eyes, was that he revealed what really went on at last week's bilateral summit of Warsaw Pact leaders in Moscow. While the Soviet Union and its allies were publicly calling on the West to cut expenditure on armaments, it now turns out they were privately discussing plans to boost their own defence budgets. (The Soviet leadership says it is necessary to preserve and even strengthen its defenses in order to keep up with NATO.)

Western diplomats in Bucharest, the

Romanian troops on parade in Bucharest, no longer just a joker in the Soviet pack.



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Jontue
 Sensual...
 but not too far from innocence.

The Beautiful Fragrance by Revlon

Romanian capital, believe that relations between Romania and the Warsaw Pact allies have now reached their lowest point for years. There were no ceremonial telegrams at the 80th anniversary celebrations of Romanian unity at the week's end when Ceausescu repeated his aggressive statement of independence. But what puzzles many observers is why Ceausescu has chosen to make his stand at the present time—and why so dramatically.

The obvious answer is that he thinks his gamble will succeed. An extremely skillful politician with long experience in dealing with the Soviet Union, he has recently asked that the aging—old clearly being—President Leonid Brezhnev has enough problems of his own, not the least of which was the threatened renewal of the proxy war in Southeast Asia (see page 28) between Vietnam, backed by the Soviet Union, and Cambodia. China, however, has close links with China and it seems Ceausescu's enthusiasm was exactly timed to take some of the pressure off his ally.

Moreover, this latest show of defiance fits into what has become an established Romanian tradition. Over the past two decades, the country of 22 million people has transformed itself from the most obedient into the most militantly anti-imperialist of Soviet satellites.

Romania is the only Eastern European country to maintain diplomatic ties with Israel. Alone among Warsaw Pact leaders, Ceausescu has permitted criticizing the Soviet-led invasion of Czechoslovakia and has insisted on the right of each Communist party to manage its own affairs.

The reason for Soviet toleration of Ceausescu has been Romania's economic orthodoxy and repressive domestic Communist policies—and there could be another reason for last week's outburst. In the past year Ceausescu has come under considerable pressure at home, rising from a strike by 20,000 miners angry at low living standards to discontent among Romania's large minority of ethnic Hungarians who allege forced assimilation and widespread discrimination. Economic difficulties and the defection to the United States of his security chief, General Hiu Popescu, have led to a wide-ranging purge.

It is therefore that the mass capitulation Ceausescu has given for refusing to increase Romania's military expenditure (it now runs at around \$1 billion a year) is that the money would be better spent on improving living standards—clearly a popular theme. Similarly, anyone wishing to challenge Ceausescu's personal position is now likely to check twice about backing a leader so identified with the cause of Romanian independence.

Michael Dobbs

Britain

Hell hath no fury...

It was dubbed The Case of the Century and the price paid for the principal evidence sources—\$100,000 by the London Sunday Telegraph for one, \$4,000 by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation for another, according to trade gossip—wasn't exactly the ideal. But as former British Liberal Party leader Jeremy Thorpe came face to face with his alleged homosexual lover in a hushed Somerset court last week, everyone seemed to have put their money's worth.

Legal prosecution evidence of sedition by Thorpe and of a Thorpe-inspired plot to kill the man who had become "a black devil" over his political career poured out in front of the three stout county magistrates who must decide, probably this week, whether Thorpe and his three confederates go to a higher court on a charge of conspiracy to murder former aide Norman Scott. Accused with Thorpe (Liberal leader from 1967 to 1970) are David Hewitt, his Oxford University friend and former Liberal deputy treasurer, and two South Wales businessmen, Nigel Dexter John le Mesurier and electronics operator George Denkin.

It was Denkin's surprise request to

Thorpe implied, Scott (bottom left) and Denkin no matter what the court decides, one reputation is in tatters



swipe the military reporting from a set of photographs that, for the past two weeks, has provoked the British public with an unprecedented daily diet of either White tragedy and Mafia-style plotting in country houses, posh London hotels and even the House of Commons.

As the soft spoken Scott, 35, took the witness stand, neither he nor Thorpe looked directly at each other. Thorpe, dapper and apparently innocent as ever, topped with his gold-rimmed half glasses while Scott took Thorpe had seduced him in 1961, when both were bachelors in Thorpe's mother's house in Surrey.

Thorpe came to his room, Scott claimed, bringing a copy of James Baldwin's *Giovanni's Room* for him to read—"It describes one man's love for another man." Then, he told the court, Thorpe put into bed with him and kissed him, put up to fetch "a towel and a tube of stuff," returned to bed, put the towel under Scott and they had intercourse. Asked who was the active partner, Scott replied: "I was just being the pillow. I could not shoot because I did not want to frustrate him." Two hours



later, Thorpe came back for more, Scott claimed, and returned again in the morning. "I thought that he was going to do it again. I was very frightened. He did not mention it, but asked how I wanted my eggs done."

Scott told the court of more sexual incidents, including one in a Devon Hotel bathroom and another in Thorpe's office, of Thorpe's sending a note for him near the Commons, of silk pyjamas bought on fashionable Bond Street, and of 16-minute snatches away from Commons business. Scott said he was apart by "the wretched sexual business" because he only wanted friendship and affection. On one occasion he threatened to expose the MP publicly if he did not leave him alone. But Thorpe just laughed, Scott claimed, and replied: "You cannot have one-one of my greatest friends in the protection of public prosecutions." It was the 1971, however, when investigated preliminary hearings last August after more than two years of rumor and innuendo had led to a painstaking police investigation.

Details of the alleged murder plot, in which an unemployed former airline pilot, Andrew Newton, is said to have been hired for \$20,000 at Thorpe's behest to kill Scott, were given earlier in the oak-paneled courtroom. Newton spoke of luring Scott to a London hotel and waiting with a foot-long chalk hidden in a bouquet of flowers "to bend over his head." But Scott never turned up. Finally he managed to get Scott to a lonely spot in Kennerly where, he said, he deliberately banged the window, shoving Scott's Great Dane instead. Newton also told of a bizarre conversation with Thorpe at the Commons, when they discussed getting rid of Scott's body. Ideas ran to weighing it and dropping it into a deep river, concealing it in a maternity ward contraption or dropping it down a Cornish tin mine. Both Newton and Peter Russell, a former Liberal MP who returned to Britain from California to give evidence for the prosecution, have been granted immunity from criminal charges in the case.

Scott reacted angrily to a suggestion from Thorpe's solicitor, Sir David Napley, that he was bringing his allegations because "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." "I am not a woman," he snapped, raising his voice for the first time. "I am not here on trial. I am here because that man has tried to destroy me over a period of years and I will not be destroyed."

He scarcely needed to make the point. For if Thorpe ever was the doctored, the roles have been reversed. Even in the event of an acquittal, his once glittering reputation as a political leader, wit, name and pillar of the community will be sunk as deep as a shaft in a Cornish mine.

Carol Kennedy

United Nations

Where lip service may be better than none

Words don't do it, bees don't do it, but these days even the elite from Taiwan to Chinese are demanding that human rights, long ignored by many governments more in the breach than in the observance, become a determining element in domestic and foreign policy. One of Peking's most recent will promises undeniably proclaimed, "We cannot tolerate that human rights and democracy are only slogans of the Western bourgeoisie and that the Eastern proletarian only needs dictatorship."

With exquisite timing, the Chinese launched their campaign in the week the world prepared to celebrate the 30th



Human rights: Jewish demonstrators in Ottawa demand Sikhwarrior's release, and Eleanor Roosevelt at the UN in 1951



anniversary of the United Nations' Universal Declaration of Human Rights, originally adopted on Dec. 10, 1948. The US document reflects the opinion of its drafters, chief among them was Eleanor Roosevelt, that the horrors of the Second World War would stimulate increased vigilance for basic human freedoms.

But the human rights issue has been a slow starter. It took another 39 years to draft binding covenants to accompany the Universal Declaration's

framing statements of principle and, even today, although many nations, Canada included, have ratified the covenants, others, including the United States, have not.

Despite that omission, however, the US is heavily responsible for the current preoccupation with human rights. President Jimmy Carter's outspoken support has been the chief impetus. Recently less important has been the enthusiasm of his close friend, United

Andrew Young drew a parallel between his claim that Italy that there were "hundreds, perhaps thousands" of political prisoners in United States jails.

Not everyone, however, is as enamored as Young of the notion of making human rights a basis for policy decisions. Henry Kissinger, the ultimate 20th century practitioner of Realpolitik, has made little secret of his disapproval. Other political leaders, such as Canada's Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, while endorsing the principle, have worried that American policy will only make repressive regimes harder to stage.

"In terms of the Soviet Union, the human rights campaign is ridiculous. All we do is get their backs up," agrees George Ball, a former U.S. ambassador to the UN who, as undersecretary of state, was one of the most consistent critics of the Vietnam war. "I'm obviously not in favor of terrorism, but to be the world's noisy botherer is 'Ball and other allies feel the current campaign amounts to selective discrimination in light of continued American support for Iran, Nicaragua, South Korea and the Philippines."

The state department, predictable, protests itself pleased with progress. "We've requested the moral progress we lost during Indochina," says Charles H. Sloan Jr., director of the Office of Human Rights. But advocates are worried that their cause has begun to move out of the headlines and into the wings. Brian Urquhart, has reported U.S. aid rather than submit to congress, and Congress recently returned Argentina's arrests to credit, which was suspended over allegations of serious human rights violations.

For most professionals in the field, however, the 20th anniversary of the Universal Declaration gives at least guarded cause for celebration. For one thing, complaints are on the increase. Supporters take this as a measure of growing knowledge of the problem rather than a depressing mark of international callousness.

Certain nations with long-standing respect for individual liberties have devoted increased attention to the issue. Canada, for example, passed a comprehensive Human Rights Act in 1977, and many countries are now making constitutional changes to avoid international opprobrium.

Another sign of the times is said to be that, in previous sessions of the UN General Assembly, a passing reference by one or six countries was considered a victory. But this year, says Theodore van Bokst, director of the UN Human Rights Division, "nearly every foreign minister mentioned human rights." Lip

service that may be, but advocates are quick to point out that lip service is better than no service at all.

"What is being celebrated now is the first step in a long process," says Roger Baldwin, a founder of the highly respected American Civil Liberties Union and the International League for Human

rights, and a man who, at 94, can take the long view. "It has taken a whole generation just to get the idea installed. Now we can go on to step two." That, however, is likely to be a difficult one. It can be a very long leap from consciousness-raising to effective action.

Bruce Christopher



West Germany

Steelmen forge a chain reaction

Friends of government and management leaders in European capitals were making warm glances last weekend in the direction of Germany's Ruhr district, aware that the outcome of a strike begun by 35,000 steelworkers at eight major plants and followed by a lockout of 30,000 more late in the week could have repercussions for their own weakened industries. It is significant that the strike—the first in the industry for 50 years—is over hours, not pay, for if the steelworkers win the 35-hour week they are demanding they could trigger a reaction that will not stop until it has reached from Italy, to the British Midlands, Holland and France. What is bad for Europe, however, would be moderately good for North America. The steel sector would make West German steel less competitive in the U.S. market, according to J. Peter Gordon, chairman and chief executive officer of Steelco, though they would have little effect in Canada.

Ahead the best paid steelworkers in Europe, averaging \$5.75 hourly, the

Appetite steelworkers carry the word 'Krupp workers are ready to fight'

Germans were offered a three-per-cent raise—their last asked for five. But even the offer of a six-week holiday would not induce them to drop their shorter-work claim. Rainer Loderer, leader of the IG-Metall union, says the strike is in the good cause of raising in the present 1,600 a-week layoff rate. "If you don't change the hours, then we'll cut the work force in half by 1985," he said. However, the industry's employers' federation claims that the extra costs involved in a compressed working week ultimately will lose, not save, jobs.

The strike's effects could be felt in other industries, notably car manufacturing, as such, as this week. The pinch will feel unusual in a country where industrial disputes are relatively rare and, when that do occur, often last no longer than it takes to swallow a few rounds of beer. West Germany has the admirable strike record over the 10 years up to 1978 of only 36 days a year per 1,000 workers compared to Britain's 58, Italy's 1,834 and Canada's 1,906.

Breaking through the 40-hour week has been a cause of friction with European neighbors for several years. As long ago as 1972, Britain's Trades Union Congress adopted a resolution calling for a 35-hour week, but it is only recently that the first successes have been achieved.

"We are printing three steps in six," Herbert Thronen, general secretary of the European Metalworkers Union, said last week. "The first to go through were Scandinavian shift-workers, who are now doing a 36- to 38-hour week. Then Belgian steelworkers got a 36-hour week, starting last month, with a reduction to 36 hours starting next summer." Italian metalworkers will ask for a 35-hour week with 36 hours for shift-workers, an negotiations beginning later in December.

Thronen admits it is not just a question of ending the European Community's anti-inflation game of hide-and-seek. "It is part of the process of humanizing working conditions," he said. And this is at the root of fears of European industrial leaders, for if the West German steelworkers open the door, a domino could rock through.

Philly Greard

The U.S.

Crashing through the party lines

The art of social climbing has, at last, officially found acceptance in academia. In Washington, D.C., the Open University is offering a course on how to make "connections." It includes lectures on gate-crashing ensembles, parties, name-dropping and how to get mentioned in a newspaper column. "There are an awful lot of people with their nose pressed against the window, too know, always in the outside looking in as the others socialize," explains 30-year-old Rosanne Weinman, the course instructor.

So far about 400 students have paid \$16 each for the 2½-hour lesson which is held in an overcasted, second-story classroom, crisscrossed by a promenade and a dim cleaner and the floor the only one. "To make it in this town you need clothes—getries. No social clothes has made it without that quality," Weinman tells her students why, at a recent session, several a group had an force instructor me, in town, a computer analyst from suburban Virginia who wants to be invited to the White House, and a nurse who dreams of attending a White House reception.

Gate crashing at the embassies, however, is the most popular topic. Weinman advises students to avoid shenanigans given by representatives of countries with political trouble at home or with a reputation for retrogression—there are likely to be armed guards. But "small" powerful nations, she says, may even be glad to have the add member at their parties. You must go late, however, after they have stopped checking in.

The U.S.

One date the CIA must not miss

It may already be too late, but in an effort to make up for months of lost time and incorrect reports, the CIA is making contact with the Shah's opponents in Iran. The agency is scrambling to sharpen its political nerves because President Jimmy Carter has explained that it is not getting the information he needs. It's not cloak-and-dagger activity that makes him angry. It's the lack of nuts-and-bolts foreign political intelligence, the basis for policy-making.

The one between the president and his old friend CIA Director Admiral Stansfield Turner focuses on a CIA view, expressed as late as August, that "Iran is not in a revolutionary or even pre-revolutionary situation." As a result of that inaccurate analysis, Carter wrote a scathing note to Turner, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and National Security Affairs Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski declaring himself "not satisfied" with intelligence in the area. And although the White House was trying last week to downplay the incident, the question now raised in Washington is whether the Iran blunder is an isolated case or a frightening example of general ineptness.

While White House spokesman Dody Powell insisted that Carter's note was not a "chewing out," there has been growing criticism of Turner. Early last

month an official in the intelligence community told *The New York Times* that Turner was downgrading intelligence estimates to make them dovetail with administration foreign policy. In addition, the CIA is charged with failing to instruct the White House on the significance of Moscow's recent energy discoveries, and slipping up in its analysis of the explosive politics of southern Africa. Its interpretation of the recent changes in China (see page 26) is also known to be under suspicion at the state department.

In many quarters it is now felt that the admiral, whose ship-to-shape style and sharp tongue make him unpopular within the CIA, lacks the flair that can illuminate intelligence reports. But he may get an early opportunity to redeem himself. During December, Iran's Mojibzadeh will be marking the mourning period of Mahdavian, which reaches a climax on Dec. 11. The government, anticipating difficulty, has banned processions, but that move seems likely to encourage rather than dampen protest. The question is how well the CIA will predict what happens. — Catherine Fox

CIA Director Turner has the last debate he made the last left side eye holder



vitalities, or while just the front desk saying you have an important message for Senator So-and-So, or you can back into the front door with a glass of champagne in your hand so that, while you turn around, you'll look as though you had been there all along. What to wear? Designer dresses for women, three-piece suits for men.

Students are advised not to dwell overlong or too glibly on the merits of crushing—ambassadors are "paying for the food and drinks anyway"—and also to let their friends know about their exploits, though they should not resort to boasting: "We talk about the art of negative name-dropping," says Weissman. "That means sort of putting yourself down a little bit in the process, so that people don't think you're really putting it out. The example I use is 'Oh, I was so embarrassed. I had John CNKI to dinner and I dropped the soufflé.'"

Weissman has her own favorite story of social smacking. It's about a friend who crashed a United Nations dinner dance and told his neighbors he worked at the Canadian embassy. Unfortunately, she says, the other guests began to question him and to avoid being friend and foe and his date had to dance all the time. It was worth it, however, because the risk "heightened the thrill." It also, no doubt, gave their friends (though not the papers) something to gossip about.

William Lowther

New Zealand

Kiwi voters hit back at Muldoon

Three years ago, when New Zealanders overwhelmingly elected Robert Muldoon prime minister, his campaign slogan was "New Zealand the way you want it." But, as one TV critic put it, Muldoon's rule quickly took on the look of "New Zealand the way I want it," and as the final voting tally continued to trickle in last week it became clear that Kiwis were largely disenchanted with their brook leader. Indeed, opposition Labor party leader Bill Rowling refused to admit defeat until the last postal ballots were counted, for he had great hopes of strong last-minute support from the masses of New Zealanders who have been leaving the country recently. But he appeared to wait in vain, although by week's end Muldoon's majority in the 80-seat parliament was reduced from 25 to six.

The emigrants, now 30,000 this year, have largely been driven out by Muldoon's draconian economic tactics in what has proved only a moderately successful battle against inflation (still around 11 per cent). Elected on a ticket of economic austerity, the National Party, free wages, cut welfare doles and slashed subsidies, but unemployment increased from almost zero to four per cent. The crippling burden of duties and taxes—necessary for the credit-intensive welfare system—has not been lightened (income taxes rose 27 per cent from a \$30,000 salary).

Economies, however, are not the sole cause of disenchantment with Muldoon—whose abrasive, tyrannical political style has earned him such epithets as "our local pink-foot Mussolini." In his time as a leading political figure he has been censured by parliament and has offended racial minorities, and during the recent campaign he also took on the names—"If the milkiest element and the extremists are of a mind to support of me, they will get it where the chicken gets the axe"—and traded punches with his critics.

Some contrabanders, that so belligerent a character would choose cultivating lilies as a hobby, but not so strange that he could alternate so many techniques, traditions and preferences, who are mostly, under the age of 30. For there, New Zealand is not "the way you want it," and there lies the proof to be a high price to pay for removal of the National Party's mandate.

Michael Chao-on

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The Rockettes, New York Radio City Music Hall's iconic set-dance troupe, have long been strong on glamour. But with the recent infusion of **Ann-Margret** into the line, the girls have never looked so good. Ann-Margret, who got her first glimpse of the Rockettes when she was six—just two days off the boat from her native Sweden—never forgot the sight. Which was why she decided to relive her childhood fantasy and become a Rockette on her upcoming TV special to be aired Dec. 14. (Also featured in the show is actor Gregory Peck, a former Radio City tour guide himself.) After her four-day stint with the Rockettes, the girls gave Ann-Margret a Gold Dug, the traditional

Ann-Margret is lowering the line in Manhattan gift for a departing dancer, and this year. "They told me I'd always have a job," said Ann-Margret.

Before the Grey Cup kickoff, **Valeria Harper**, aka **Rhoda**, eye in the stands at Teressa's Exhibition Stadium and, with a slight Bronx twang, belted out the words to O Canada. It might have been a nice theatrical touch, but the Canadianism of Valeria should come as a surprise to no one. After all, her mother was born in Saskatchewan. Her father, although an American, played

Harper: an import for Canadian citizenship

backey for Oakland and met his wife in Calgary when he was there for a gig. The Canadian connection will continue for Harper (who still has relatives in British Columbia and Ontario) when she stars in an upcoming Canadian production called *Scot Free*, a movie about Nova Scotia and Scotland. Ironically, the title of the film is exactly what Harper, 31, is these days. Following her recent divorce and dad's exoneration of Rhoda, Harper happily admits, "I'm free."

Or Prince Edward Island's New Democratic Party leader **Acquiesce Ryan**, life at the political tip is, quite literally, a rule of team. At the NDP's recent leadership convention in Charlottetown, Ryan countered a move to have him ousted by breaking into a heavy-eyed monologue citing his love for wife, family and party. Upset at seeing a grown man growl, the party faithful declared the meeting unconstitutional. Although Ryan gained a reprieve until January (when the next leadership meeting will be held), one party wag had this to say: "It's hard to know whether he was crying to save his job or because the NDP has never held a seat in the legislature."

Former comedian and black pacifist **Rick Gregory**, who has elevated consciousness-raising facts to a political art, is it again. This time Gregory has sworn off solids to dramatize the "many hidden facts" in the mass murder of the People's Temple cult in Guyana. Changing the American Central Intelligence Agency was behind the tragedy, Gregory alleges that cult members

were possessed by a side-lined Kool-Aid but were "gassed by the CIA." He bans this on two things: "You can't make drugs drink Kool-Aid," asserts Gregory. "And as a father of 10 children myself, my human feelings tell me no mother could poison her children and not be shocked back into reality by the night."

With a gleam in his eye and a little spit and polish on his boots, Canada's nationalistic, naturalist author, **Harvey Mowat**, shaved up recently during a Canadian Armed Forces exercise in Cape Breton. Adviser telling Colonel Kurt Foster, commanding officer of the Canadian Airborne Regiment, that he was planning to write a story on the military, Mowat invited the CO into his car. Foster, a Mowat fan, was delighted—no doubt hoping he'd appear in Mowat's next book. As soon as Foster got in, however, Mowat pulled a gun on him and the ear-split off. Moments later, the CO had been "shot." With blanks, of course. Got it? It was a joke. An example of air force humor, aided by members of the Royal Canadian Regiment from Gagetown, New Brunswick, who acted as the on-duty in the exercise. Well, maybe you had to be there.

Or 15 years now, **Harvey Kirk** and the crew have been selling together for a little late-night news, making Kirk, CTV's anchorman, the longest running face in the history of North American television news. (Gib's stand-in, Walter Koenig, has actually logged more airtime, but it hasn't been

Kirk: with a rundown on tonight's stories



notorious. Ever on the lookout for a good story, Kirk has been closely following the saga of CTV's beleaguered newscaster, **Kasey Kasey**. In fact, Kirk and his sidekick **Lloyd Robertson** (also *The National's* anchorman himself) made sure they caught Kasey's debut. "Of course, we're on at the same time," explained Kirk. "But Lloyd and I read out of the studio just in time to see the tail end of Kasey's first show, his first sign off and his first apology."

Having given a commanding performance before **Monica's Prince Rainer** and **Princess Grace** on the occasion of his nobles' 50th birthday party, guest dancer **Karen Kane** and **Frank**

Kasey and Augustyn all dressed up with...

Angelyn (*The National's* **Rachel**), **Leslie Brown** (*The Turning Point*) and **Peter Schuster** were ready to step up the cake. After the gala show at Monte Carlo's **Opera House**, the dancers waited backstage for the grandly people to come and bestow their appreciation. No show. Failing that, the dancers goaded and taunted themselves in anticipation of going to the Prince's after-theatre soiree. Again they got the royal snub. No invitation was extended to the dancers who had danced so ably for their supper. "We were disappointed," was the consensus. Not amused.

Edited by Jane O'Hara



Business

Isle of the newly blest

None could tell it until an Arab company bought the Shabeno oil refinery, and there were still doubters when Khalifa paid \$41.5 million last month for a defunct Newfoundland inshore mill. But with each day's news, a message is becoming increasingly clear: Despite a dismal unemployment picture, Newfoundland is making the quantum leap from being Canada's most depressed region to an investment hot spot. More than \$1 billion has found

its way into Newfoundland so far this year and, with that much more expected again in 1979, the province is becoming one of the most prosperous in Canada.

The key to the rock's new prosperity is its resources, to which much capital

is drawn: more than \$60 million to build a support at Harbour Grace and create 10,000 jobs in the fishing industry; \$1.5 million for agriculture; \$38 million for mining in British, Georgian and Australian interests fall over one another in their limits to strike claims for uranium, gold and copper, as well as some \$59 million for hydroelectric power and nearly as much again from general private enterprises, such as the \$100-million Sears Ltd. and P. W. Woodworth Co. The dollar's weakness, lower costs of Newfoundland production and increased worldwide demand for newspaper have made this a bumper year for the province's pulp and paper industry as well. Abitibi Paper Co. will spend another \$60 million converting its new inshore factory into the province's third largest mill.

But of all these gifts, Newfoundland's oil and its hydro power are the greatest. No drilling has taken place for a year, but \$35 million has been invested in the oil industry: Kesteven Exploration Ltd., a consortium of oil money controlled by France's Compagnie Financière des Pétroles S.A., has been the major force behind offshore exploration, accounting for three of the four encouraging seismic gas finds so far. Between Kesteven and at least four other companies, including Imperial Oil (which spent \$1.5 million in Newfoundland) in the last two years, at least seven rigs are expected to be operating next year. Imperial Oil President, Jack Armstrong, who recently visited the province, says the company's spending "will be stepped up

significantly when we start drilling two wells next year. \$800,000 will be generated annually for education, training, research and development within Newfoundland.

As for the power, a recent federal-provincial agreement to create the Lower Churchill Development Corporation—giving Newfoundland full recall rights to all the power generated at the complex—has resulted in a number of major proposals by the省, including a German proposal for a steel mill in Labrador.

But the most profound change within Newfoundland is perhaps the quietest one. For once, there is an absence of bluster. Gone is the foreign investment bubble of the Joey Smallwood years and the boom-or-bust investment of John Staken and John C. Doyle (whose recent agreement to pay \$1 million in back taxes by his means wiped out the hundreds of fraud and wash-trading charges he faced). The special-effects men seem to have gone into hiding to be replaced by the likes of Armstrong, Andrew Crocker and Bernard Lewis (Cory's Foreign Treasurer). Now only the Foreign Investment Review Agency's hand has been on the reins with the enthusiasm that has been 20 years shoddy. As Premier French, Moore says, "Newfoundland is talking like a 'have' province. Because it is only a matter of a few years before we will be one."

Robert Plaskin

Playing hard to get

It's an "In-Between Tender Love" Big? By the, the Dodo Wildlife Microcosm Microcosm and Bitterbit Galathea Drive Yourself Crazy And, of course, every a million more Bitterbit dolls. Playthings of a modern age facing a tough, perform future.

Welcome to December, the season of gift giving and joy when Canadians shell out the last few pennies of the \$125 million they will spend this year on toys and decorations—a business that makes up 60 to 70 per cent of retailers' annual sales. It is not a brilliant year for toys," says Sam Gans, secretary-treasurer and one-half of the Roman toy-tug team that runs Gans Brothers Toys Ltd., the country's seventh largest toy company (annual sales \$12 million). "Nineteen-seventy-eight was brilliant. That you can live with 1978." Sales are up 30 to 35 per cent on a traditionally high-margin business, translating factory sales of \$175 million into retail sales of



Playthings in the shop—time to give and a time to play

\$175 million. Sales and anything more brightly advertised are this year's hot sellers. Only the bluffs of video television games are no more. Sales of Colson Canada Ltd.'s pong games are down 65 per cent from the \$1-million peak marked in 1976. In their place have appeared the toy wonders of 1979: small hand-held electronic games that do everything from play football to talk.

Yet for all its shiny newness, the Canadian toy industry carries a number of old complaints. The industry needs 1,000 manufacturing jobs, but only three companies of the largest 18 are Canadian: Bitterbit Toy Co. Ltd., Iron Toy Ltd. and Gans, which can thank its exclusive (American) Sanyo Street franchise for a hefty portion of its earnings. "Very little toy design is done in this country," agrees Bitterbit President Laurie Stelmach. Nor have a seemingly endless round of C.I.T.A. talks solved the industry's difficulties with cheap imports.

But it is television advertising that really concerns the toy industry. It will spend more than \$7 million on TV advertising this year, a further \$12 million in spent reaching mother in women's consumer magazines. With Quebec Consumer Affairs Minister Luc Papineau pushing legislation to ban all advertising directed at children in a previous year, the industry is looking for a new national toy sales, all that may change that companies as Parker Brothers will no longer devote 30 per cent of their Quebec air time to swaying the impressionable minds of kids.

Even point-of-purchase displays will

be banned. "What that will mean," says Stewart Robertson, marketing manager of Parker Bros., "is that you won't be able to take a child under 16 into a toy department." That won't be fun for anyone.

Feel the edge, guide the way

Exchange-control fever has Wall Street in its grip these days as the recession threatens that U.S. President Jimmy Carter is considering foreign exchange controls as a means of bolstering the limping U.S. dollar. Speculators on both sides of the border have reacted with fear and confusion, too politically sensitive, they feel, and impossible to administer. But when a respected figure in Scotland-born Francis Kelly, director of research for U.S. stockholders Rijk, Baitman, DeLuna & Company Inc., prescribes exchange controls, it's definitely time to listen. In Toronto Nov. 24 to predict the U.S. economy's future for client Ontario Hydro, Kelly was addressing an audience where a handful of Fortune 500 firms at Toronto's crumbly La Scala restaurant when he dropped a napping ring on his arm. "The United States should consider its intention to institute mandatory controls of capital outflows in all forms, and to maximize foreign access to its long-term markets."

Donner scores flashed in the minds of all present. The U.S. money market is in all forms, and to maximize foreign access to its long-term markets. simply cannot do without. Our governments and corporations borrowed \$50 billion in new money since 1973, and

Will that be coffee, tea or stretch?

Barry Storch (the joke goes, owned only half of Canada when the 40-year-old former commanding officer of Canadian Forces division and two others had out a total \$5 million two weeks ago for Eastern Provincial Airlines (EPA) the Newfoundland-based regional carrier that had been part of Andrew Crocker's empire for 29 years. Storch is now bid for the airline, as well as the business president, was acquired by Crocker because he was the only Newfoundland resident. Crocker was proud of his homegrown airline, and wanted it to stay that way.

Storch has lofty aspirations for his fleet of six 737s and three Hawker Siddeley 748s, and is seeking for permission to run direct flights from Montreal to Montreal. He will likely seek approval for direct Montreal-St. John's routes. "We have about a 50



EPA's Barry Storch, winging it

per cent load factor right now, and it could and should be better," he admits. Most of the \$50-million business, reported \$1.5 million 191.8 per cent, the half in years. "You'd think it is pretty good to take one day for five days. St. John's to Montreal look today.

Robert Plaskin



Francis Kelly: mind loading the mind

are already down on their knees for \$4.4 billion more in the first half of this year!

Kelly assured his rattled guests—Peterson, Massey-Ferguson, Branson and Melzer's among them—that Canada would be exempted from any such controls, just as it had been exempted from similar measures in the early 1980s. That several observers feel it would make little sense to impose foreign-exchange controls and then exempt your largest borrower. Nor does Kelly mention Canadian exemptions in a major study released in New York several weeks ago in which he called not only for credit controls but for measures that would prohibit central U.S. banks from redepositing their reserves in the Eurodollar market.

"The solution I have proposed is unrealistic," Kelly warns from his vantage amid New York's skyscrapers. "If we don't have them in 1979, we'll have them—and a financial crisis—in 1980!"

Jan Brown

A little bit of Abitibi

You had to have it in them for this style of not for their appetite in these days of selective trading in the Toronto Stock Exchange last week, Power Corp.-controlled Consolidated Bathurst Inc. of Montreal bought 9.4 per cent (1.75 million shares) of massive, earnings-rich Abitibi Paper Co. Ltd. for \$215 million, satisfied as they say it wasn't after control, and then disappeared into dust, once again. Meanwhile Abitibi brass plunged themselves into day-long meetings, only to emerge looking

naïveté about how entrepreneur Gerald Stelfox was for sharing the pleasure of U.S. anti-trust officials. Rumors of takeover Mediterra in

And with reason. Last September, Toronto banker who Andrew Soros bought 9.9 per cent of Abitibi in partnership with corporate strongman and former Power Corp. president Maurice Storg, Toronto broker Thomson, Kerrigan & Co. did all the buying then and last week, which raised an interesting question: are Soros, Power Corp., Thomson, Paul Desmarais and other Abitibi buyers—keeping them confidentially inside Max Tannenbaum—preparing a new look move for control of Abitibi?

Jan Brown



net visit to the U.S.S.R., was a 1986 surprise but accident had become part of a word-of-mouth campaign to sell the car. "Look, it may not actually have been a motor, maybe a deer. I couldn't find it in the dark. But in any event the

car without the impact. It's incredibly solid."

It may take the average Soviet citizen four years of hard labor to afford a Lada, but at a list price of \$3,595 (\$5,000 less than a Honda Civic) the average North American would be out only about four months' pay for a car with a four-cylinder engine and an up-to-date interior which seats five.

Because of the price—and the fact that the cars (manufactured by the last seven years in the Soviet Union) are designed to stand up to harsh winter conditions—Peter Dezza, president of Lada Cars of Canada Inc., figured they would sell in Canada. He was right. The company signed the largest contract (\$100 million over five years for parts

Lada sales centre in Toronto: can a peck restaurant really mean money out of a hole?

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Jan Brown

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Sports

Mob violence stalks British football



A rainy Saturday afternoon in Birmingham, barely weeks into the soccer season, and London's Chelsea club, notorious for its rowdy supporters, is playing an away match in the Midlands city. No particular trouble is expected, since the Football League has ruled that Chelsea's away games be strictly token-only affairs, with local police forewarned. But violence erupts, and with tragic results. Vernon Brown, a 20-year-old black factory storekeeper, is crushed to death under the wheels of a double-decker bus as he scuffles on the way to the match.

Drunken laughs inside the field after a match. Bubbles sub side of the house.



It was a better start to the 1990 season, which, perhaps, as usual, to be scared by the violence endemic in British football. Actual deaths are rare, but each season regularly brings its crop of broken bones and gashes rained out by rival gangs of fans.

The typical soccer hooligan is getting younger—perhaps a result of parental abstinence from the tradition of taking the kids to the Saturday match. April 14 to 16, he is invariably poorly educated, with no job skills and meagre prospects. The tribal loyalties and excitement of the weekly battles with rival clubs often form the only high spots in an otherwise dreary existence in the concrete wastelands of run-down London, Manchester or Glasgow.

At Millwall (a October, "hate" incidents were circumscribed to the club's hard core known as "F Troop." This was part of a revenge campaign for the death two years ago of Ian Pross, an 18-year-old Millwall supporter, who died under a train during a scuffle at a station. Most West Ham supporters foisted the fire by chanting: "West Ham boys, we've got to win, we know Millwall under train," and not surprisingly, violence flared after West Ham beat Millwall 3-2. The same weekend saw a spate of arrests elsewhere, and several spectators suffered head injuries when Bristol United supporters hurled missiles after their team was beaten by the Bolton Wanderers.

Chelsea, Millwall and Leeds have rough reputations, but Britain's most feared club is probably Glasgow Rangers—Scotland's "second city" being notorious for its Ulster-style religion as well as local rivalries between its Rangers and Celtic teams. Meanwhile, United fans, known as The Red Army from the club colors, have caused havoc in matches abroad. Last July, 25 British and West German fans were injured, some by kicking, when fighting broke out at a so-called "friendly" match between Manchester United and Cologne. Police said about 49 of the 500 visiting British fans arrived armed with knives and bicycle chains.

Some clubs, including first-division Nottingham Forest, have fenced off their terraced standing-room areas, effectively chasing out potential troublemakers. Forest manager Brian Clough is even macking down an enormous swearing at matches, and has ordered the names of known hooligans to be published in the match programs.

Hooligans seldom are in the hazy backside of football fans, but this sometimes backfires on neighboring villages when the bus turns off the highway in search of alcohol. Mobs are also about in many areas to ban the sale of alcohol around club grounds.

The majority of the 45-odd games played each Saturday across Britain pass peacefully enough, but there is an underlying feeling that the violence, if not spreading, is getting nastier. Weapons are becoming more numerous. Drunken supporters at Aston Villa's Bentley Club recently ripped up steel railings and used them as javelins. There are repeated instances of derisive bangs hurled at readers across the terraces, causing severe facial injuries. The opposition Conservative party has promised a legal crackdown on soccer hooligans if it gains office in the next election, and it could prove a vote-catcher. A recent national poll carried out for a popular BBC radio program, as a sample of 2,000 people aged 15 to 18, showed a strong swing to hard-line attitudes. Ninety per cent favored tougher penalties for mauls and hooligans, a surprising 70 per cent were against letting pig and 64 per cent wanted a return of hanging for all murderers. If the soccer toughs are to be stopped, it may well be by these juries.

Carol Kennedy

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Legend already has it that it cost anywhere between \$35 million and \$75 million to make. No mob amount of pre-publicity has accompanied any movie since David O. Reizick sent out posters to kid Scarlett O'Hara. Not since Napoleon Bonaparte held like to visit Moscow has a project been so draped in uncertainty. The actual shooting was as secretive as a papal election—or the Godfather's study. Talk was cheap, rumor rampant, publicity plentiful. Four-and-a-half years later, when it hits 500 screens on Dec. 15, Warner Brothers estimates that North Americans will have had seven billion chances, through print, radio and TV advertising, to have heard about the most talked-about, hyped up, media blitzed undertaking since Lin Taylor was mailed in Rome to meet the pop in a basket. Five-and-a-half years later, Superman, with \$6-to-\$7 million of Warner Brothers' advertising here propelling him, will take Lois Lane to his arms for a five-minute ballet in the sky.



Superman and Lois love ballet. "It's every woman's dream to fly with Superman."

for two weeks in Superpap, Joe-80, he was guaranteed \$3.7 million, plus a percentage of both pateries (*Superman II* under \$100).

Brando even denied to do a little movie Actors Studio-type work on his character. "What's my motivation?" he asked straight-faced. "How do we know that Joe-80 doesn't look like a hunk and that people on Krypton don't speak in electronic terms?" The prospect of a Marion-shaped hunk talking like BSG was too much for producers Irv and Alexander Salkind and they said him good. "Everyone knows the legend, Bucky, you can't tamper with something as sacrosanct as Superman."

With Brando in the bag, Superman was a hot property. Gene Hackman, for a feeing \$2 million, will play arch villain Lex Luthor. Valerie Perrine was hired as Luthor's maid, Eve Teschmacher, to spill out of all her pre-ups

MARKETING THE MAN OF STEEL!

back over Manhattan.

Richard Donner (*The Omen*), the most-to-know director ahead of all of the up-to replace Guy Hamilton, says that if anything can kill *Superman* it's good old-fashioned Hollywood hype. Will Superman, like *The Great Gatsby* and the remake of *Kong*, drown in the noise of overmarketing? "I wish it could come out quiet and easy and poetic," Donner laments.

Not very likely with Warner Brothers' estimate of "seven billion Superman messages in the consciousness of America." Not with all the Superman dolls, lunch boxes and Thomas books filling every toy store and countless parading every toddler's tummy.

The Superman industry has already found out the obvious soundtrack album, T-shirts, posters, "History of Superman" books, the Merv and Mike twin promotions, the department-store fashions, the wristwatches, the jewelry, the balloons and—of course—the capes. Warner Communications, the parent company, with its music, pub-



Reese as Kent: the lastest stretch out

lishing and movie arms, hopes it will be riding in a sea of subsidiary profits. Says Rob Pfundman, Warner's project

executive on *Superman*, "The film, of course, is our first priority but it does have a symbiotic relationship with everything else. It's like an octopus and at the center is us."

The tentacles will stretch to telephone-booth reader just put out by Bloomsbury's at \$20 a throw, Superman phone books for kids at \$2.50, Superman mugs, cereal bowls, metal washbasins, pens, towels, dishcloths and even sneakers for young stars, and true to 22 selling at \$25.50—more than 1,000 Superman items in all.

The movie is also the perfect excuse to resurrect the old essence, with no fewer than nine publishing happenings on the Superman front, ranging from the *Superman First Set of Krypton* novel (\$2.50), The Official *Superman Quiz Book*, an encyclopedia, at \$9.95, the *Superman Color* (\$4.95), a *Superman* rendering in oils (\$7.95 per set) and *Superman* cutouts at \$6.95 (Shipped as Warner's marketing man "All you need is a pair of scissors and an X-17 degree to put it

together") (The first comic book actually tried *Superman*, a year after his debut in *Action*, is going to be reproduced at \$2 a copy. The original sold for 10 cents and if anyone can find one looking around the other three days, he or she can buy it to a Superfund for \$5.00).

All this, for a movie that hasn't even been seen by anyone yet. Presently, *Superman* is being rushed to completion for its \$100-million-a-trick world premiere at the Kennedy Center in Washington, Dec. 10 (A few have seen a rough cut at Shepperton Studios in England.) Donner will be hand-carrying a wet print to Washington the day before. No movie has opened so blind since *The Godfather*.

All this, for a movie that looked as if it would never be made at all. It began with Godfather path Marlon Brando and Marlon Pano for a cool \$600,000. Paid for nearly half a year and produced a script that was longer than *Rings* but Brando liked it and with his blessing *Superman* became more than just one of the more of paid-up scripts (just attached) to a pre-



Reese as legend: with Brando in the bag

ducer's office somewhere that Brando's blowing down not rose cheap for what boiled down to a commitment to work

Along the way they picked up Ned Beatty as Luthor's meek "mole," Martin Sheen as Vondak and an assortment of other names led by Terence Stamp. Glenn Ford was hired as the mild-mannered reporter's erstwhile father, Samson, York as his Krypton mother, Phyllis Thaxter as Perry's wife and Jackie Cooper as Clark Kent's long suffering editor, Perry White. All that remained was to find the Man of Steel and the iconicist Lois Lane, the *Daily Planet*'s sex reporter. Among those who tested for Lois Lane were Susan Blakesley, Leslie Ann Warren, Anne Arbet, Deborah Ruffin and Stockard Channing, who came within a hairline of winning over Linda's Margot Kidder (*Murder, My Sweet*), who was hired three days before the filming began.

Unearthing the Man of Steel himself was the brief of the barbers. Noddy every famous face, possibly excluding Marylouise, was considered, but casting director gave the Salkinds the freedom to choose whoever they wanted. Ruled out initially because he

looked too young, a virtual unknown, 30-year-old, square-jawed Christopher Reeve was finally deemed upon whom he tried on Clark Kent's ovalish glasses. Without a trace of humor, Donner says, "Good went here in no time."

Reeve was sent to pump iron for six weeks to inflate his attenuated 188 pounds and emerged looking like Arnold Schwarzenegger's lost brother, albeit worried about being typecast. True, the \$250,000 and a piece of the Superman merchandising was outrageous. Nevertheless, he was being told that when he'd be collecting social security he'd still be known as Superman. A fortuitous meeting with Sean Connery at a London party put his mind to rest. "There are three rules, Roy," April 1967 told him. "Don't worry about being committed to five Superman movies. If the first one is as good you won't have to worry about the rest. Two, do a low-budget picture next, you may be a star by the time it comes out. And three, get a good lawyer and sue the bastards."

It was two years later Superman was finally ready for the cameras—with a few more problems. The *Salt Lake* had returned a down sound stages in Illinois. Then someone remembered that Brando was short on popovers there as Carlo Pogli, composer of an interesting little exercise he'd once performed on screens with the aid of half a pound of butter in *Last Tango in Paris*. (The comedian was sitting on a war-



Lords of the tie-in trinkets

The body may have been cast on Krypton, but some of its parts were made in Canada. Concocted in 1933, Superman was the invention of artist Joe Shuster and writer Jerry Siegel, both then working in Cleveland. But Shuster had spent some time in Canada, so when Superman, or rather the mad scientist

Brando snatching those arch villains on Krypton: a badge out of this world

ran for Mr. Brando's arrest? The decision was made to switch to London. But Guy Hamilton was a British tax exile, unable to stay in the country for more than a few weeks a year. So Guy Hamilton, star Richard Donner who took as look at the pricey *Mars* script and declared, "It's not going to work. Come on! It's up to us to tell it."

"The story is lighter than life and it has humor," he recalls. "But to the extent it has to be total reality and they have to plan it dead straight." Donner took to pinning up signs everywhere saying, "Thank Verne Harniss." Enter new team of screenwriters David Newman and Robert Benton (*Roseanne* and *Cleveland*) Newman's wife, Leslie, Donner picked a year's production, virtually the whole film script (three

gets a screen credit) and started their search. He recruited screen doctor Sam Markhausen to polish the new trio's story and to act as creative consultant and Donner's right-hand man. Markhausen admits he was reluctant to get involved—until a five-o'clock amateur phone call from Donner. The morning a lady appeared at his front door and thrust a script at him. "It was like receiving a copy of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*," says Markhausen, "it was so huge."

In April, 1977, Superman finally, unexpectedly, began shooting, but not everything was coming up roses. No body bothered to tell Donner what his budget was—probably because nobody but *Salt Lake* gave it a look for sure how much money they'd raised. Ilya Saklad had been talking \$65 million, but soon the cash ran low. A key scene to be shot in Calgary, doubling for the

week. In 1946 they sued DC Comics for some of the tens of millions of dollars Superman had earned in the '40s. The most popular comic in America, selling over one million a month and won what was then regarded as a hefty settlement.

But DC Comics eventually dropped Siegel and Shuster, leaving others to do the superhero. Siegel moved to Los Angeles where he worked as a clerk-hope for the California government. Shuster nearly died, look what jobs he could, eventually selling his precious collection of old postage to stay afloat. "I can get by," said Siegel, "there were times when I could have stood a Superman in his through the sky and some one."

Three years ago in a bit of coincidence, Warner Communications (who owns DC Comics) agreed to pay each man a pension of \$20,000 a year and to reimburse their names on Superman comics (they will get it credit on the film, too though none of the money).

Superman is still out to bust-busting comic—the best selling single comic in the world. For the 40-year-old superhero older may not be better, but, having a long burst of Kryptonite. Superman, the comic-book hero, has little to be surprised.

Don Wiskul

what fields of the Midwest where baby Superman lands after being jetted from Krypton, took ages so film—it rained for six weeks. When the water-logged crews returned to London, they built a huge substitute desert road in the English countryside which was washed out, too. In New York a power blackout wiped out another couple of days' shooting.

This did not help when tensions or racial enmities onto the Warner empires. Donner was not getting along with Pierre Spengler, the young screenwriter/producer buddy of Ilya Saklad, appointed as an on-site financial overseer. "At one time," recalls Donner, "if I'd seen him, I would have killed him."

The bills were being paid, but only just, and new investors were hard to come by. Word was that Superman was turning into a mastodon and that Donner was doing an Orion Wales. Donner's shades of Coppola on *The Godfather* was convinced he was going to be fired. Warner Brothers, who originally came in as distributors, came to the rescue. (By the time Superman was shot, they were into the project for close to \$50 million.) Donner, the story has it, understandably nervous about all the new money, took to going into his closet, putting on a Superman suit and cape, saying to a mirror, "I'm going to crush this f--- move and I feel great."

Out of the closet, Donner was to go with the truly bizarre of defying gravity. In the old Superman TV series it was straight up and down and thank God-for-the-wind machine. Superman's shoes to cut through the skies would—and will—make or break the movie.

"What I had to do quite simply," Donner resumed, "was bring it a guy who actually flew—just a man who flies in a costume we've all known since we were kids. But sure he flies and the audience accepts it, they take it for granted. They expect it. So we had what was probably the most problematical aspect of effect in movie history—a special effect that wasn't too special."

In mid-flying rumors came hot and heavy that the *Ames* were had to be rebuffed because the wires showed. "Of course there were the cranes, the wires, the harnesses and all the other paraphernalia. But what really makes this one different," he says, "is a special piece of mobile equipment designed by a Hungarian technician and never before used in a movie. That makes it all work."

The biggest moment of the picture is the five-minute aerial ballet. It only took three months to shoot, and came about when Markhausen suggested, as an afterthought, to Donner, "Why

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Architecture

High tech is simply a steel

Increasingly these days, homes and offices appear as though they have been turned inside out. Plumbing, lighting, heating, and even the most fundamental superstructure are being exposed and put on display for all the world to see. Not only are pipes and ducts coming out of the closet, but for the first time they are being admired as objects of beauty in their own right. This new style, called "high tech," can be either architectural—glass bricks, galvanized steel tubing, or corrugated aluminum to construct a house, or product-oriented—a hospital operating bed for a table, interlocking steel beams to construct a bed, an airplane-style sink for a bathroom, or chemical benches for use as wine decanters. High tech—industrial products taken out of context—is fast becoming one of the most popular styles in Canadian home design, especially following its exposure in large public projects such as Toronto's Elton Centre and Edmonton's Citadel Theatre.

"People have begun to re-examine industrial features and things," says Euzen Myers, Canada's high priest of high tech. "Out of context, or on their own, the simplicity and style of an aluminum strut or a steel beam suddenly become apparent." Adds Thomas Lamb, an industrial designer who frequently uses high tech, "It's the beauty

Myers' conversion of Jenson Library (top). High-tech accessories in Willowdale home at Hamilton's parents (right) transforming industrial components into a work of art.



of it all that I like. You can see exactly what you're getting, and how things work. It gives you a sense of participating in the design."

The origins of high tech go back to the first mass-produced industrial factories, although it was not until 1926 that Pierre Chareau took them out of context to build a house in Paris almost completely of industrial products. The idea was quickly picked up by the French architect Le Corbusier, who became its greatest advocate. On this point, Charles Rames assumed the role of guru of high tech following the construction of his noted Californian house in 1948.

The more recent interest, however, comes from the trend toward converting warehouses and putting old houses "blowing knocked down walls and opened up space, people are reluctant to fill it in, covering up what they had uncovered," observes architect Peter Hensley, whose high-tech house, designed for his parents, was recently voted one of the most beautiful in Toronto. "So people left air ducts and water pipes out in the open. They quickly discovered that they looked great, sleek, simple and contemporary. Not only that, but they created rooms, so they put lights and sinks and fixtures to complement what was already in place."

"It really begins as an inexpensive alternative to traditional building finishes," says Myers. "We were looking for cheap mass-produced products that could do the job well. We found, in putting them together in unfamiliar ways,

Prospectus of Willowdale's home (lower left and right): a different concept of space.



or by taking them out of their industrial environment and putting them in the home, that we had created a whole new design aesthetic."

Myers says the home industrial components are competitive in price with traditional building supplies. The cost of an average new three-bedroom house using high tech is about \$45 a square foot, rising to \$58 to \$60 for an architect-built home. But the cost rises when the high-tech item—a metal cabinet, for example—is refinished. Says Hamilton: "I am often asked to design with high tech in mind but I can no longer



recommend it as a cheaper alternative. Clients increasingly want it with special finishes, like glass or chrome. That helps to soften the industrial effect or to highlight certain details." Because



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The hills may come alive with the sound of music

The Banff Centre School of Fine Arts got in a worried call to the Banff National Park Warden Service: could a warden please be sent up right away? A bear with two cubs had climbed a fire escape to the second floor of the women's residence and they were tearing the building in search of food. Ferner warden Red Marty recalls that girls—some of them half-clothed—exited screaming from windows and doors. "The entire wardens' office emptied in about 30 seconds," he says. "Cracks bursted rubber to get them. Wardens were everywhere, interviewing girls. And in the confusion the bears got away."

Most campuses don't have marauding bears to contend with but that's not all that is unique about the Banff Centre. Set up as a summer school during the Depression to bring arts to Western communities, it has just been granted the go-ahead to become Canada's first year-round advanced conservatory of the arts. And, if a recommendation in a Canada Council report is acted upon, it will also launch Canada's first national music school, aimed at bridging the gap between courses now offered by universities and conservatories and the requirements of a professional career.

When the Banff Centre opened in Au-

gust, 1953, financed by a Carnegie grant, the founders hoped to convince 40 summer students to ante up the \$1 registration fee—120 actually turned up to study stage production and acting. The school, under the leadership of Senator Donald Cameron, who retired in 1960, quickly expanded into all areas of the arts, including painting, dance, music, writing and photography. In recent years, the summer school has attracted a capacity enrolment of 800.

The push to become an internationally recognized, full-time arts school started in 1970 when David Leighton left his job as professor of business management at the University of Western Ontario to run the centre. His goal was simply to create the best arts school in the world. Under his direction, a five-year phase-in plan was produced for the 18-month arts program. The provincial government, which has just approved the program, will have to increase its subsidy from \$2.5 million to \$6 million to cover the cost. Admissions will be based on talent and the school will be unique in that it will neither require degrees for admission nor grant them on graduation. When fully under way, the school will offer one- and two-year, as well as shorter programs in a broad range of arts disciplines to about 800 students in winter and 800 in summer. The change-over has already begun.

Construction of new buildings is starting; the annual summer session was ex-

ceeded to 14 weeks in 1972 and there has been a pilot year-round offering in the visual arts. Although the suggestion of a national music school is separate from the year-round arts conservatory, it "fits in with the direction of the school as we've planned it," Leighton says. It so happens that this recommendation, one of 14, was also made by Helmut Harme, professor of music at McGill University in Montreal. About a two-year study on music training commissioned by the Canada Council, Harme decided Canada badly needed a year-round performance school that would train orchestras musicians and singers, arrangers, conductors and coaches, opera designers and producers and pianists. Banff, he decided, would be the ideal site because it had facilities that could be easily adapted. Harme emphasizes that the school should offer post-graduate instruction "at the highest level only," and that admissions should be by jury and then. He believes tuition and board should be free, with the school financed by federal and provincial grants.

The year-round schools, however, are only part of Banff Centre's vision. Leighton's experience in operating summer sessions in several disciplines has shown him the "cooling results" when there is collaboration across traditional lines. The centre is planning to set up studios across the campus that would be offered to poets, sculptors, choreographers, playwrights, designers, painters, composers, illustrators and writers. They could work there on their own projects, acting, sometimes, as a brain trust for the school. So who needs a Mexican artists' colony when you can have Banff, Alberta?

Suzanne Zwarg

Banff Centre (left) student dancers at practice; mainly the best in the world

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White noise: will the hissing have to stop?



It started at the gala opening of the gleaming Robson Square, part of the \$180-million Courthouse Complex in Vancouver. The brass-lined lobbies and rhapsodic quotes about the beauty of the complex and its rooftop pools, waterfalls, theatres and skating rink, were almost immediately drowned out by the revelation that "white noise" was being fed into over half the structure's open office areas.

And what is white noise? If you enter an open office area and the outside traffic and general office noise seems to be strangely dulled away and you detect a very slight hiss in your ear you are likely being subjected to, or bombarded by, white noise. It's a complex sound whose frequency components are as numerous, and so closely spaced that it has no pitch. It is created by generators and fed through loudspeakers and sounds like a prolonged hiss similar to that of an amplifier-loudspeaker system turned to maximum volume. This use of white noise—also called "acoustic noise" or "masking sound," has become "accepted architectural practice" for modern buildings opening the fashionable open office concept, where soft walls are done away with in favor of open space. Many architects, interior designers, acoustical engineers and fur-

niture manufacturers are pushing for open office areas. One obvious reason is a time of consistently rising construction costs, they are cheaper to build.

Acoustical engineers claim that by using masking sound in these open areas it is possible to create walls of invisible sound, little pools of privacy blocking out other distracting noise and conversation. The result is an increase in efficiency, concentration and productivity creating a more enjoyable working atmosphere. The concept's critics claim these advantages are precisely what the concept will destroy in the long run, and further, that it may have an malicious effect on the human psyche. They say that the only real purpose behind the concept is to cut down supervisory staff and avoid the costs of building walls and partitions.

Ed Vossenaar, who is responsible for occupational health and safety with the British Columbia Government Employees Union, which represents workers at Robson Square, says there has been an extraordinary flood of complaints from them, citing a feeling of isolation, nervous, headache and fatigue. In another government building using pink sound (another type of white noise), he says, absenteeism was reported as double the highest average

rate in B.C. The union has referred the matter to the Workers' Compensation Board. And WCU, in response, now has experts here at Robson Square, measuring and evaluating the phenomenon. Says Elizabeth Wright of the WCU, "If somebody pushes blood you know they have a problem. But when people say, 'Tee, I'm really fed up and I don't know why, and I have headaches and nervous and irritation,' it's very hard to pinpoint. We're interested and we're investigating."

Dr. Jeanne Sullman of the American Health Foundation, invited to B.C. by the B.C. Federation of Labor and the Canadian Labor Congress, went on local television and stirred the pot further. "The body can't tell the difference between different forms of stress," she said. "The whole point of white noise is to lull people into a false sense of security to build cheap offices and insert background noise just to keep the tension and pace up. It puts people in a drowsy and isolates them, and breaks down the informal work groups that make office work enjoyable and less stressful. I find white noise an inexcusable way of experimenting with people. The research is certainly inadequate."

Professor Barry Truax, from the department of communication at Simon Fraser University, agrees with Dr. Sullman's views. "The effect of white noise is very claustrophobic," he says. "It seems to be covering up other sounds, but it isn't. It's different from natural sound because it's steady. Steady with no information because an interesting to the brain, and the brain no longer pays attention. This doesn't mean it's not affecting you. Where sound information is not identifiable, a hostile environment develops."

Professor Rod Weatherill of the University of British Columbia's school of architecture, contends that the value of white noise is precisely that it doesn't contain information. "Ideally, constant sound is unobtrusive and invisible," he says. "You forget about it. The ability to concentrate increases."

Professor Truax: "Instead of listening outward, you retreat inward and become alienated. You're cut off from basic information with your environment by this pool of sound. Instead of walks absorbing sound, people have to."

So far the issue has not caused considerable alarm. According to Linda van Harenstam, project manager for Robson Square, it's a "stern necessity." Says Dr. Edgar Shaw, head of the acoustics section, National Research Council, Ottawa: "If people aren't happy with their environment, their unhappiness will first spread until they find something to focus on; it becomes the pivotal issue."

Eric Rockett

Archaeology

They have the ring of mystery

Rings of stones laid out as long as 45 centuries ago by North American Indians are confounding archaeologists and astronomers alike—because of their remarkable resemblance to circles in ancient Britain. Why the rings were put up, and how they could be so similar in such distant cultures is what mystifies scientists. The "medicine wheels" are in isolated areas of Alberta, Saskatchewan, Montana and Wyoming and are in ring or spoke formations, usually with mounds or piles of stones. Up to several hundred feet in diameter, they were built between 2500 BC and 1700 AD.



The Moose Medicine Ring, about 600 years old.

by the Plains Indians, some contain more than 100 tons of boulders, others could have been laid out in a day. Their location on hill and mountaintops suggest some ritualistic significance—but what?

John Eddy, an astronomer at the High Altitude Observatory in Boulder, Colorado, thought they might have some astronomical significance. "The Big Horn medicine wheel in Wyoming," he says, "could have been used as a rectangular observatory." He tested his theory in the summer solstice—June 20, 1972—the longest day of the year and the time when the sun appears farthest north in the sky. One of the promises spoken in the wheel did, in fact, rise directly toward the point of the sunrise. Eddy noted the same alignment for some of the other wheels as well.

Intrigued, David Rodger, curator of the H.M. MacMillan Planetarium in Vancouver, photographed this year's solstice sunrise from the 2,300-year-old Moose Mountain medicine wheel in southeastern Saskatchewan—but the sunrise was invisible. "The alignment of



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the wheel's spoke is correct," says Rogers. "But the sighting-curve is considerably lower down the hill from the central curve. So when you look along the so-called 'sighting' alignment, you're looking up into the sky—not toward the horizon. Why was the ring built with one of its sighting-curves lined up with the skyline if they couldn't actually see it?" Some kind of ritualistic structure—without practical use seemed more likely.

Michael Ovenden, an astronomer at the University of British Columbia, says that the oval ring of rocks around the central curve in the Moose Mountain structure looks very like rings built about 2000 BC in Britain. The Moose Mountain ring conforms to a precise mathematical formula—the same used by the builders of the British rings. It could have been built using these geometrical principles, argues Ovenden, with no reference to astronomical alignments at all. Applying the technique to the best-known wheel, Baglioni in Wisconsin, Ovenden got the same result. "The Big Horn ring is not an arbitrary oval but a precise geometrical figure following exactly the same plan as those of rings in Britain," he says.

The oldest medicine wheels were begun about 2500 BC, and this could imply that the understanding of some mathematical principles was highly advanced then—as both sides of the Atlantic. However, the suggestion that there was cultural contact between the ring-builders in North America and Britain strikes the belief of some scientists.

Dr. Richard Fortin, an archaeologist at the University of Calgary, dismisses the idea. "I have yet to be convinced," he says. "That there is any meaningful or other significance to the wheels."

However, Fortin's colleague, archaeologist Michael Wilson, says "The popular image of explorers stazing out, as in fragile boats, is not necessarily the way information was diffused over the millennia; information about geometrical forms and constructions could have spread through Asia and reached North America across the Bering Strait, which is regularly traversed by Eskimos even now. I am convinced these people were far more sophisticated than we give them credit for."

It goes against more freely accepted ideas to suggest that 2,000 years before Baglioni was inventing modern geometry in Greece, North American Indians and early Britons were using his principles to build stone monuments for a purpose still obscure. Not all the evidence is in yet. Archaeology advances through painstaking fieldwork, and as Michael Wilson says, "No matter how hard you try, you can't dig up ideas."

Terrance Dickinson

Lifestyles

Facing a nip-and-tuck craze

By Warren Gorham

If the pink, playful nudes on canvas are perfectly formed in the artist's fantasy and brush strokes, not a wrinkle betrays their noble bodies. But in contrast, the floor-to-ceiling mirrors (mirror, mirror on the wall, which do) reinforce the images of the sagging jowls and faces of those who wait. The reception area of Dr. Harold Silver's self-named hospital in a series of rooms at the Royal York Hotel in Toronto is a psychological perversity.

The atmosphere is suggestive. The premise is that sagging faces can be straightened, at least improved, that haggard eyes can be tightened, lines and

corns-free made to disappear, that psyches will be repaired and self-esteem restored. And it's a promise kept. A face-lift makes a person look younger, feel better—and more and more people are having it done. Canada is on the verge of a boom in cosmetic surgery—a sign-over from what is happening south of the border, where such personalities as Phyllis Diller and Betty Ford have told all and carried something of a cosmetic surgery craze.

Silver, a talkative, articulate maverick in a light-blue profession, confirms the trend. He is the boldest and

Betty Ford before and after the face-lift that tightened a thousand sagging corners

best-known cosmetic surgeon in Canada, but others have up. Botox is exploding. And it is something that is no longer the mark of vanity only among the rich, the show-biz personalities and aging politicians. Silver has peeled away the years on truck drivers, laborers, office workers, housewives, businessmen, writers and teachers, ordinary people.

It's relatively old hat in the United States, where transformations such as that of former first lady Betty Ford after a recent face-lift are enough to send thousands of men and women flocking in search of the same dramatic effect. There hasn't yet been such a stampede in Canada, which might be



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just as well considering that, of this country's 183 plastic surgeons, only about a dozen specialize solely in cosmetic work. It's not an easy task to find one either, as most are in Toronto and Montreal, and only three or four practice in the West. Many plastic surgeons, however, perform some cosmetic surgery. In the U.S., especially in California, there have been cases of abuse, but that's not something to worry about in Canada, where cosmetic and plastic surgeons cautiously regulate their own art.

The face-lift boom didn't happen

overnight. Silver says it has to do with our youth-oriented society (young is beautiful), the constant birth of young faces on TV and all the women. "People are much more conscious of how they look today," he says. "Look at all the people peering. You didn't see much of that 30 years ago." To prove his point, Silver reveals that teachers, more than any other occupational group, go to him for face-lifts. "Every day of their working lives they are exposed to young people. They become very aware of the years."

Twenty years ago, cosmetic surgery

was not talked about like heterosexual surgery. It wasn't considered in good taste. There was a moral attitude, however, that what God has made, man should not tamper with. But that's changed. And perhaps no one is more responsible for the change in public perception than Silver, the frail, wiggled, wisecracking crotch of "Fang" Jensen, who had a face-lift, eye de-bagging and breast reduction. She made a stand-up routine of her new face, which, before surgery, she boasted, could "make small children cry." Now, she says, "My health is better, my whole body feels better. You look in the mirror each morning and get the message of the day: I don't have to decide it now."

More recently, Betty Ford went through her own emasculation when she overcame a dependency on alcohol and drugs and then resuscitated herself with a face-lift. It tightened up the chin and neck and erased the puffiness around her eyes. She is a changed woman, inside and out, and she talked about it frankly to the American public.

There's less talk about such things in Canada (which Silver says is typically Canadian) but recently, Betty Lee, a Toronto writer and editor, told all about her face-lift in a magazine article. "I wanted to get it out in the open," she says now. "I wanted to know once and for all why I didn't." Today, Lee looks 18 years younger, feels refreshed and has found out why she did it—for self-esteem.

There's another change. Most surgeons like Silver, who practice only cosmetic surgery, have moved out of hospitals into their own clinics. The advantages are immediate. The surgeon has complete control over his environment and the patient feels better.

Silver has found dramatic changes in his patients over the years. Twenty



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years ago, 80 per cent of his patients were women between 50 and 65 years of age. Now the average is between 30 and 45—about 20 per cent of his patients are men. "At one time I thought what I was doing was not valid," says Silver, "because the feeling was that if patients got themselves together as total entities, they wouldn't be preoccupied with their physical appearance. But today there is less of a taboo on it. I never ask a patient why he or she wants a face-lift. I ask them what I can do for them. I let the patient justify it to himself."

For consultation, Silver takes his pa-

tients into a narrow-walled room and makes them show him what it is they want done. "I see whether they are fit for surgery and I decide whether I can give them what they want," he says. "Cosmetic surgery is the extreme improvement of a normal person. I have to improve them in a way you can't tell. Most people are realistic. I won't operate on someone who wants to look like someone else."

Face-lifts and nose jobs (rhinoplasty) are the most commonly performed cosmetic operations. They take from 30 minutes to one hour under local anes-

thetics and the patient can go home. Recovery period—that's while you hide in bed—can last from two to three weeks. In the new job, unwanted nasal bone and cartilage are removed from the inside of the nose. The bones are broken at the base of the nose with a small chisel or saw and then drawn together and the nose is reshaped and restored.

The face-lift is designed to remove skin that has lost elasticity with age (the younger the patient, the better the results), producing signs and wrinkles. A vertical cut is made in the scalp in the temple region, down to front of the ear, and back up behind the ear on each side of the head. The skin is "undermined" with a scalpel to separate it from underlying fat and muscle and then stretched toward the back of the head until the wrinkles and signs disappear. Excess skin is trimmed away and the rest is sutured around the ears.

For breast augmentation, the surgeon makes a small incision in the fold under the breast, then enlarges the opening to insert a silicone bag containing a plastic gel. He then molds it to the desired shape. Other procedures involve hair transplants, in which small plugs of hair-growing skin are removed from the back of the scalp and re-implanted in the front. Rhinoplasty, tucks and buttocks can also be cut to size, but this is a hospital procedure, involving a stay.

Silver, like most doctors, is reluctant to discuss his fees. In fact, he becomes angry when the issue is raised. "Fees depend on the sort of surgery, the age of the patient, the extent of the surgery and the experience of the surgeon," he says. But generally, a full face-lift costs from \$1,000 to \$2,000 and, along with eyelids and forehead, it's from \$2,000 to \$4,000, plus \$250 for operating room costs. Betty Lee, who had a face-lift, including eyes and ears, paid \$3,000.

A nose job will cost from \$700 to \$1,500, including \$150 in operating room fees. Eyes, upper and lower, cost from \$500 to \$2,000. Breast enlargement costs from \$750 to \$2,000, plus \$350 for the all-time implants, plus operating room costs. Some surgeons will charge up to \$600 for breast reduction, but because it's considered a physical problem, Ontario government medical plans will pay \$500 for the procedure. Prices are slightly lower in Montreal, but in New York they are two, three, four times higher.

Silver's mark of success is a patient who doesn't look drastically changed and who is happy with what has been done. Her friends, his friends, should be able to say: "You know, there's something different about you, but I'll be damned if I can figure out what it is. Anyway, you look better." ☐

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The study of the mind is often no more helpful than consulting a sheep's entrails

By Barbara Aronst

On April, 1975, John Guzik, 26, son of Mrs. Maria Relly by a previous marriage, was convicted of armed robbery and sentenced to a reformatory term. His mother asked the court for psychiatric help for her first-born son, who, she claimed, was suffering from severe emotional disturbances caused in part by a difficult tag-of-candy situation in his childhood. Doctors at Ontario's Penetanguishen Mental Health Centre, which houses the criminally insane, decided Guzik was mentally fit enough to serve his sentence in Guelph Reformatory. But a month before his sentence was up, Guzik was sent back to Penetanguishen and classified as "dangerous." Shortly after, he was released on probation, on condition that he receive psychiatric treatment. He was sent to a London, Ontario, hospital that discharged him after 17 days claiming out-patient treatment was all that was necessary. For the next year his mother traipsed from psychiatrist to psychiatrist trying to get her son committed for in-patient care. During this period Guzik was fished out of icy cold water after one apparent suicide attempt and tried hanging himself another time. But psychiatrists and psychologists could not assure his mother in the form of counselling therapy and drug treatment would do the trick. They did. On May 27, 1976, Mrs. Relly discovered her son in the cellar with a rifle pointed at his head. She pushed the gun away and he was turned in her. The magazine bullets went through his mouth, lungs and leg. Mrs. Relly survived—less the sight of one eye and plus a body filled with bullet fragments. Her only son, however, killed himself.

From her home in Afton Craig, Ont., Mrs. Relly, 64, marks the anniversary of her son's death with bitter letters to all the experts who assured her John would be fine. Termented by constant

pain in her lungs and legs, her face partially immobilized by the lumps of steel lodged inextricably between nerve and muscle, she looks over the medical reports that comment on the positive nature of the relationship between Mrs. Relly and her son and yet seemed more impressed with their clinical assessments than a concerned mother's knowledge. Not surprisingly, Mrs. Relly thinks the psychiatrists were negligent.



I don't know whether they were or not. But if they were not negligent or incompetent, the Rellys stay underlines all the more the fragility of this "science" whose practitioners are increasingly influential in our private lives, businesses, law courts and schools. Psychiatrists, neurologists, psychologists and the like have managed to borrow respectability from the breath-taking achievements of the natural sciences such as biology, chemistry and nuclear physics. Tied down up by psychologists may deteriorate whether you get hired, promoted or admitted to a course. In Toronto, a psychological test is to be introduced in the hiring of policemen to determine undesirable friends

affiliates in job candidates—a highly dubious undertaking and one that ought to be of some concern to civil libertarians. I remember the questionnaire that was popular in the '60s, sent out by an eminent doctor in Canada specializing in the treatment of mental disorders, who claimed to be able to detect schizophrenia through a series of questions about one's reaction to taste, light and sound. According to a family friend of mine who happened to be a psychiatrist,

my answers in the test indicated I was incapable of functioning outside a hospital ward.

Most psychiatrists I know will admit that when it comes to diagnosis and treatment they have a batting average no better than .300; in other words, pure chance. If a man is truly crazy the best a psychiatrist can do to put him in a physical or chemical straitjacket. If a patient is simply neurotic, then a concerned friend may be as much or little help as a psychiatrist, and certainly cheaper. The problem with a psychiatrist is that instead of being wiser than a sensible general practitioner, his psychiatric specialty often stands between his medical knowledge and common sense. It is time we understood that certain healing and social acts are just that: acts, not sciences. Which is not to deny their virtue. History and common sense are not either but they have a great deal to say about the human condition.

But we should understand them, for what they are and not so much reliance on them that they are worth. When a psychiatrist, sociologist or a psychologist's advice is given the same weight as a physician's, dentist's or engineer's, we are deluding ourselves only a little less than those who consulted the entrails of a sheep or the Oracle of Delphi. Ask Mrs. Maria Relly, who last month received \$18,000 from Ontario's Criminal Injuries Compensation Board for the loss of her eyes. And her son.





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How the mighty have fallen, intentionally

There is always, with the announcement of a new *Charles Oke*, a flurry of publicity. It may not be journalistic, but reading the news with exaggerated emphasis from a *TalkFreeze* has become a service worth upward of \$100,000 in our society. The individual becomes larger than life. He is a *Fuse*, a presence, the standard-bearer to whom (network executives pray) viewers will attach themselves like so many fatherless children. Kewitash Nash, the compact, oh-so-well-contained gentleman who descended from the CBC executive suite—where for 10 years he directed the network's news operations—no second Peter Kent is reading *The National*, expected such a flurry but ended up, much to his discomfort, with a storm. He was not quite prepared for these "less than pleasant characterizations," those "unnecessary public re-

marks" that followed his appointment. A careful man whose own public remarks sometimes have all the spontaneity of the Queen's annual Christmas message, Nash maintained he could live with the results. "He looks like a tired piece of dough," said a spokesman for the association's voice. Then there was a CBC colleague's musings about his personal life (Nash, three-married, now lives with performer-producer Laraine Thomas): "The only thing interesting about Nash is his sex life." But he has been hurt and insulted by the insinuations that he appointed himself to a plum job with a five-year contract and a salary rumored to be as high as \$90,000, substantially more than what he made as an executive.

Nash, the new *Face*, not an handsome as Kent, but his eyes open at the time



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The charges have gone into a closed-door arbitration, leaving where disgraced announcer—one of them George McLean—are complicating they were not seriously considered. They align, moreover, that the CBC changed the prerequisites to include journalists' expertise, thereby excluding almost everyone but Nash, the network's Washington correspondent in the '90s.

A man who confesses he would rather be an optimist and get hurt than live a life of cynicism, Nash would doubtless flunk at the latter option of Toronto announcer Valerie Kilg, who did not apply, but was presented in the media as an attractive candidate for the job. "We can all be pretty cynical about this appointment. It constantly lowered the morale of the announcers. The fact that people had to send their applications to Nash is really shocking. In any other country there'd be a major investigation." Although he would normally approve the successor to Kent, now CBC's African correspondent, Nash says that when he agreed to become a candidate for the job, he "just totally withdrew" from the discussion. "You'd think people would suspect that I have some integrity."

The arbitration hearing set for one weekend, during which arbitrator George Adams (indulged in a little sarcasm himself and quipped, in the

hallway, at witness Peter Kent: "I can't get used to seeing you in person." (The arbitration was to resume Nov. 30.) Meanwhile Nash, after almost a decade's absence, presented his own 15-year-old endorsement to The National's 15 million viewers for approval. "It sounds optimistic, but what I want to provide is a sense of credibility, of someone who has been there."

As a kid, he used to sell newspapers on a Toronto corner. Later, working for CBC (part of the 1970 news service) he led out the Front Page scenario, still embarrassing years later that he used to employ such sensitive tactics as walking into the home of a recently deceased person and, while the relatives were grieving distractedly, grabbing a picture of the deceased off the mantle in time for the early press run. Later, during his Washington days, he became known as a serious, believable reporter. During the '80s, Bobby Kennedy and Che Guevara were his heroes. Ironically, both ended the kind of passion that Nash's critics accuse him of lacking. He also became, to his surprise, a nationalist, and took his views home, pouring them into position paper after position paper on the role of the CBC. At the same time, he overtook changes which gave more weight to The National and other news programs (News magazine and news specials,

which he will now host).

The position that still fascinates is why he gave up the power and position to become what some would call a technological puppet, responding amply to a web control-room director as "A little more scrappy, know-it?" Merely, he moved because his means accompanied. "We've got to do something with his hands. It looks like he's reading Braille."

The answer, of course, is that he hasn't given up at all. "I have no more power now, maybe a bit of influence," he says, but it is the kind of influence that works in wondrous ways. When Nash starts whistling into the microphone, his producer Peter Schick rises to chat with him. Unconsciously, perhaps, temporary, no doubt. But Nash indeed has an aura that distinguishes him from his predecessors. His life—chief correspondent—is now. His grasp of the corporation is profound. And his mandate, although he won't admit it, is to become (if an arbitrator hearing does not throw him out first) the most influential broadcaster in the country. "Just you wait," says Trina McQueen, the network's executive news producer, once Nash's subordinate, now his boss and devotee, her eyes shining bright with belief. "Five years from now, in this country, Kenneth will be a saint."

Julith Titton

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Growing up sad in southern Ontario

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
by Alice Munro
(McClelland \$16.95)

The banner is Alice Munro's new collection of fiction has a trenchant, bitter-sweet edge. Good times don't last long. Love is always tinged up with competing emotions: loneliness, pity, lust. Fun is usually had at the expense of somebody else.

Munro is a master of mixed feelings. *Who Do You Think You Are?* follows

resembles Munro's second, most celebrated book, *Love & Greed & Wishes*. Both concern the course-of-age of a sensitive girl in Ontario. But the new book is deeper, wiser, more plausibly. Look at the title. Munro would never give a collection such a strident name as *Who Are You?* Even the title of *Identity* may be provoked, tested, thought over.

This does not mean the book is worthy and staid. *Who Do You Think You Are?* is, in fact, a constant pleasure to read. Munro's eye for anecdote and detail is as keen as ever. Although she knows weakness and vanity in the bone, she refuses to condemn. No character is evil, every heart has its reasons. Each of us could be redeemed, if only there were such a thing as redemption. This book lacks the obsessive passion of novels whose authors have kept their characters intact. Munro, for all her wisdom, seems more than a little tired. Yet the pages dance with incident.

At the last minute she made massive changes. A central major character—Janet, an alter ego of the author—had divided the book with Rose. Janet was dropped altogether in its present form. *Who Do You Think You Are?* has the power of a substantial novel, and Rose, for 90 years compressed into 200 pages, is the most warty and significant character Munro has yet created.

The people watching one of Rose's TV shows "insisted that they would be presented from predictable disasters, also from these shifts of emphasis that threw the story line open to question." Is Munro's work there is no such pretension. Nothing, including the truth, can make us free. The only triumph is the blessing of understanding, a round blessing, like them all. Mark Abley

Sapphires from the Rugby mud

REPORTER: IN CANADA,
banned by Sandra Martin and Roger Page
Prestel/Martin \$14.95

It's Rupert Brooke's journal Canada today, he would probably consent wryly upon how many books Canadians publish about themselves, how we do and staid people seem to delight in reading

about our own mediocrity, how we sift through the ashes of our brief past as fractious search for identity. Rupert Brooke in Canada, edited by Sandra Martin and Roger Page, is yet another of those trivially fascinating volumes. But it's more than that, a small gem.

When Brooke set out to explore "the unknown" for the readers of the *Westminster Gazette* in 1912, he was only 25, but already established as one of the foremost of the newly formed Georgian poets. He approached Canada with a wary romanticism. Warned by American friends that Canada had no soul, he was nevertheless fascinated by the vastness, the newness, and the danger of the wilderness. A slightly effete, breathtakingly handsome product of Rugby and Cambridge, he must have been quite a sight in the drawing rooms of Toronto and the work rooms of northern Manitoba. The book includes some accounts

Brooke can't help note that them



of the impressions he made on his hosts, but concentrates on his views of the people and the country he met.

Brooke's prose is wonderful, elegant, witty, even before his death he was given with a biting causticity that's barely dated at all. Toronto, which he explains was pronounced "Trantle" even then, is "a clean-shaven, pink-faced, respectable, dressed, fairly energetic, conventional, quietly sensible, well-to-do, public-school-and-university sort of city."

Winnipeggers take "gauche pride" in their architecture, which is "barbarous, of course." But cheerily and wittily so. "His attitude toward the French, Indians and other 'foreigners' (a category in which he doesn't include most Canadians) is appallingly racist to the modern reader, with noble exceptions and jolly liberalism popping up at every turn, but that a more quaint than offensive 50 years later.

When Brooke travels outside the cities, descriptions shades deftly from maudlin, nonetheless beautiful and moving. He writes with awe of the Saguenay, the Great Lakes, the Rockies, and even Niagara Falls, which he wanted to hate for the tourist sham, but couldn't.

Stress without much distress

THE EVIL THAT MEN DO
by F. L. Lumsden
(Owl/Harcourt \$17.95)

The MacGuffin is Alfred Hitchcock's term for a thriller's macguffin—the gimmick that gets the plot ticking. MacGuffins can also be those subsidiary events and goings that complicate the workings of a politician-tooled politician or hidden motives, unforeseen complications, rough edges when destiny can snap it. Lumsden's *The Evil That Men Do* is a thriller without MacGuffins, or tension, its plot slack and sprawling.

Surprising, since HSE knows how to plot a good read. His heroine on the cocaine trade, *King of White Lady*, was expert, meticulously researched, delectably written, studded with body traps and sudden turnarounds. *Evil* was off encouragingly enough. A *MacGuffin* journalist called Hudspeth wants to arrange the assassination of The Doctor, an authoritarian of terrorism, a highly paid consultant to totalitarian governments. The hit man he wants, Holland, is an expatriate American now living the simple, strenuous life in the Cayman Islands. One's heart leaps at the thought of a rich man from East, cut of spirit, with of principle, integrity and resourceful. (There's even a *MacGuffin*.)

Pussy Galore—most Rhonda Rivard j. But Holland turns out to be a competent, subtle, without endearing vices such as *Read's* 70-novels-a-day habit or his sentimentality about vodka martinis. If he sets on the Doctor's trail, Rhonda is on, and the journey is long and increasingly harpish, without hills, close-ups or harpish turns to keep you short.

Even HSE's plot is about as significant as a name quest that offensive 50 years ago.

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Even HSE's plot is about as significant as a name quest that offensive 50 years ago.



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A coffee-table coffer

Rosy-fingered dawns

THE GREEN ISLANDS
by Lawrence O'Toole
(The Viking Press \$29.95)

At Brindisi, Italy, another world away, they beckon like "the bounds of promise" so securely tethered to a time long past, they're very treasured. Purched, barren, alive with smell. By day, luminous, fierce, hissing, stunning light. At night, they're heated in blue, with soft, sucking sounds from the sea. The Greek Islands, where "each day is a brilliant improvisation." The Greek Islands aren't so much about where people live as how, and even why, they live. In his personal, lived, rustic, witty and ultimately

and back, O'Toole, exceeding the genre, leaves you something with wonderland. You're pulled to a place where the business of living amounts to keeping "really fresh." You don't as though you are a "gentle reader," and pillows seem softer.

Carefully chosen, a few photographs pinpoint the "warm patches of light," the writing lightly describes the landscape that "welcomes your dreams." Only O'Toole's good friend Henry Miller, in *The Colossus of Marousi*, has written about Greece with the same easy elegance. It's a land of possibilities. "The Good General was discovered there."

Stunning, fierce, blinding, shimmering light.

by a flea, or no he told me." No—the food, though sparse, isn't as vile as O'Toole makes it out to be, but—yes—the return does look like just tarantulas which has been strangled through the necks of a bishop.

O'Toole's return to take note of the new invaders in Greece (by their light bugs you shall know them) is somewhat enduring. The islands are changed, littered, despoiled, O'Toole demands his dream. The result, a fantastic travel book that still yields what can't be captured by Kodak.

Thanks for the memories

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA
A CELEBRATION
by Brian Bell, text by Colin Frances
(University of Toronto Press \$24.95)

A lachrymose book—careful, gracious, subdued, sensible, sensitive and surprising—this deserves a degree in dilution. In her accompanying memoir to public photography, Miss Frances, founding mistress of the country's leading ballet company, thanks all those who helped make it possible so many of these dear folk turn up throughout (at no expense) a rate that *The Globe and Mail's* Rena Cherry might turn a color deep enough to do false justice to her non-sensational that it would have perhaps been more effective, and therefore a less expensive gesture, had she not have with a wall of thank-you notes and a trusty quilt. There is a shot of Miss Frances with one of her several cats (who is also thanked) that, were it to register on the Richter scale of interest, could possibly produce a shiver in Lilliput. Given her pleasant dealings with people in the past, one marvels at her sudden metamorphosis into Eleanore Roosevelt. This is a book for those who automatically term ballet "rehearsal." Miss Frances has verified enough either for all. **Lawrence O'Toole**

A climb to the sublime

THE MOUNTAINS OF CANADA
by Randy Merce
(Penguin \$24.95)

A elegantly produced volume, mingling superb color pictures with a customary text by Randy Merce and a small anthology of sayings about mountains. O'Toole's the Laurentians or the Cyprian Hills; the majority of these



The Rockies: the view is sublime

photographs show the Rockies, and many of the real display remote peaks in the Yukon and the Northwest Territories. The view is sublime, and it's not too reached.

The Mountains of Canada offers emblems of heroism, rare enter the pictures rarely, witness not at all. The best, by contrast, concentrates on the mountains of Canada. Often a photograph makes a peak look unimpressive, while Merce's words describe how it was first scaled. This may be a coffee-table book, but no one with a grain of sense would let a cup of coffee near it, a vista would be a violation. The images are superb, extraordinary, chosen to see a reminder that our country's wilderness makes its finest often look petty.

Praising famous men

A PLACE NOT OUTOWN
by John Plunkett
(Macmillan House Publishing Co. \$12.95)

Each of these pictures is worth a thousand words about the tough, rocky north end of Winnipeg. The first collection of photographs by John Plunkett, it is an art of language in the assigned inhabitants of a colonized area. Plunkett, himself an immigrant, observes these proud, vulnerable people—Indians and Slavs in particular—with respect and humor, and with a trained, keen love. His pictures never destroy the dignity of his subjects, we laugh along with them.

Alive with gestures and emotions caught in their natural setting, *A Place Not Outown* preserves unself-conscious moments in nearly unrepeatable loss. These characters of the fringe have a grace and resilience that make this

book far more than just a slice of life. Plunkett's art is born of patience and honesty. Funny, poignant, angry by nature, it brims with rare compassion.

Wholes from the crypt

PORTRAITS: A MATTER OF RECORD
by Victor Stebbins
(Macmillan \$25.95)

One stark portrait of the rich and famous have all the weight and volume of 60 blocks of granite. Stebbins deprives his images of color, movement, humor, even variations in tone. Blackness governs the pages. While his subjects belong to glamour, his camera strips them of pretence, only faces, hair and occasional hands are exposed.

With almost everyone from Capote to Cardin, from Minelli to McKim swathed in black, each portrait becomes a trial, an emotional judgment. Many faces have a test, not even look. Stebbins, like recent Benjamin Mako, uses unflattering close-ups to gain a forensic intensity. Some of the images, notably the marvelous portraits of George Weller and Lou Ulman, are already classics. Paradoxically, though, these pictures find the glamour they seem to shun, the stars look more brightly for having passed the test of Stebbins's darkness. A difficult book to look at for long, an impressive one to own. **Mark Abley**

When the livin' is easy

SUMMER PLACES
by Dudley Wilkey, text by Brendan Gill
(McClelland & Stewart \$20.95)

Not since Sandra Dee, Troy Donahue and Patsy Faith immortalized a summer place 30 years ago has that Shaggy-La of freshwater North Ameri-

can existence received such a love letter. The Friarose has been favored over the beach ball, yet nothing has really changed. With a somewhat heavier eye for the out-glass and marble than the shaggle and clagboard, Dudley Wilkey entitles his summer haunts from the Gulf Coast to Georgian Bay, courting their intimacies with his erst-romanticism. Contrary to coffee-table tradition, however, the substance of this book doesn't end with the glaciers. Brendan Gill strengthens the bond between memory and image, capturing the flavor of summers past, rich in association for all those who will share it, that certain slant of a summer dawn. With Wilkey, Gill renews the magic to take you to the season suspended between June and December—flashed for a long winter's night.

The best picture show

KARSH/CANADIAN
by Yousuf Karsh
(University of Toronto Press \$27.50)

The anticipation of a new Karsh collection carries all the suspense of Sunday dinner with one's immediate family. Five decades of familiar faces expect one fast on the brain: these are not posed for our benefit. Karsh's wit and wit in portraiture, he's in the room business. Coolly theatrical, he poses his subjects in the role of their public personas. Arthur Erickson clutches his wife,

The north and objectives of the Yings



Dr. Charles Best with test tubes, Karen Kain on piano. The staidness of these portraits is professional, their content powerful: science and legislative halls.

Ann Johnston

Secrets from the deep

WOLFGANG PETERLIN 1927-1977
by Richard Avedon

(McGraw-Hill/Norton \$65)

Avedon, a tiny credit on the edge of a page of *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar*. The faces and bodies of Bazzy Parker, Vanessa, Jean Shrimpton,

Principe Tere, Lauren Hutton, in motion against pale backgrounds. Fashion at work: fashion in the last change, this retrospective is. Something else about it is each photograph, not always revealed by first glance. Avedon is a purveyor of decidedly gay dramas. Elise Daniels staring over the top of a wine glass. The Deputy, a blonde drinker, an American in a dream Paris. Bazzy Parker being led from hospital, her white bandaged wrist sticking out of the sleeve of a Saint Laurent coat, a serene-looking sometime pouting on the edge of one glass so hard that teeth is drawn away

from best, Lauren Hutton soaked and sand-covered, a pearl lodged carefully in her ear. Always the narrative kick. "After I was a little boy," Avedon once said, "I used to write secret thoughts about my family all over the walls in invisible ink." The ink is not quite dry; secrets still show.

Premises, premises

PROMISED LAND
by Gordon Wetmore, text by Abba Eban
(Green/Publishing \$55)

It takes the title, power, blurb and revelation. Less Uris' fulsome, celebratory introduction, one assumes that all this is meant to be spitting a partisan 30th birthday present to the state of Israel. All that is inspirational is one, open, the book has a surplus of about the reader—with legs and a place-glass top it would be a coffee table. Though artist Wetmore labored two years on the watercolor by quote Uris, "He believes that God touched his efforts and blessed the Promised Land project," they look as if they've been drafted with a ruler for illustrated Bible stories. Abba Eban's contribution does not mirror words. "American Jewry," is regarded by Israelis purely in terms of its ability to contribute money and manpower. So much for the Diaspora. Unlike Eban, Wetmore chose to ignore the harsh faades and contradictions of modern Israel by painting only the traditional or sentimental—the holy land as a fly caught in amber or artifice.

Ann Collins



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FICTION

- 1 War and Remembrance, Woolf (3)
- 2 Changelings, McEwan (1)
- 3 Fools Die, Pugh (3)
- 4 SS-Girl, Ondaatje (4)
- 5 The Far Pavlova, Keyes (6)
- 6 Prelude to Terror, Maclean (6)
- 7 Olds, Christie Fergusson's Testament, Watson (6)
- 8 Judith, Van Man (7)
- 9 Oneness, Huxley (8)
- 10 The Glassmaker, Tolstoy (10)

NONFICTION

- 1 Greenman Dynasty, Newman (10)
- 2 The Wild Frontier, Barton (8)
- 3 The Complete Book of Reading, Pugh (3)
- 4 If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries—What am I Doing in the Pit?, Bondarev (4)
- 5 Miranda Dorewell, Crawford (6)
- 6 Karsh Canadiana, Karsh (6)
- 7 When Lovers Are Friends, Shale (3)
- 8 The Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady, Hobbes (7)
- 9 Death of a Lady's Man, Cohen (10)
- 10 The Grasses Vopona, Severin (3)

1. (Photo by David P. Brown)
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Where would we be without the likes of Luke Feck, Fice Mork and Oscar Zerk?

By Alan Fotheringham

Does it help your week to know that the composer of O Canada was Calixa Lavallée? Or that a member of the musician union in St. Catharines is Wilbert Applebaum? That a chore as an all-star on the Manitoba cricket side was "Spender Good"? That the *Weekend Companion's* board chairman was Berge Wikham and Geoff Steffen, not to mention the immortal Wags Nawag? In Eldon Dolphin still manager of the CS Tower in Toronto?

We know that Hyatt No. 169 in the new Canadian United Church hymnal was written by Polcott Standford Peripatet, but, more important, is Orilla still the residence of insurance agent Theodore-Niklas Midgledale Shup, Jr?

Those of us whose minds are taxed to match by the buffalog of politics find solace by inventing our spare moments in *INVENTAR*, known to intimates as the Society for the Verification and Enrichment of Fascinating Names of Actual Persons. Goodness knows, we can be forgiven our small pleasures. Founder members of *INVENTAR* should be explained, is the ineffable Clyde Gilman, the renowned movie critic, novelist, screenwriter and collector of esoterica. Now of The Toronto Star, Gilman invented *INVENTAR* some decades ago, the role of curator has somehow fallen upon your blushing agent and a cover of unpaid notes, in their travels across the globe, regularly dispatch evidence of new entries. The mauling groans, the secretary moans, but *INVENTAR* regulars are indefatigable snoopers.

How about Petrus J. G. Prouk, a carefree driver as a Victoria Columnist story? W. Glenworth Spack, a Boston interior decorator. Elphinstone Spill was found in English parish records. Pierre Bertha found US author Z. Place Wences. There is New York P.R. man Brad Barria to go along with Darwood Zook and Burke Umla.

Luke Feck is executive editor of the *Cleveland Enquirer*. Zerk Shuck is with the League of Advertising Agencies. Fice Mork was an editor of the old *Ar-*

row magazine. M. Tugral Ulu the editor of *Year 33* was always Gilman's lifetime dream to arrange a bridge foursome "Feck, this is Shuck. Shuck-Mark-Mark-Ulu-Ulu-Feck."

A perusal of *INVENTAR* commissions over the years reveals Lawrence Flemming Granville, Herbert Leary Murtry and Cletus Lunge. There is Gerhart Harmsen, Frank, Bertram Twaddle, Noble Swachbinder, Quilman Upward. As well as Hector Spouter, Manly Riley Wiley, Basil Francis Shup. Will you go far, Anthonie Falderson?



Darwood Huckle, Charvin Haure Pappeleroff. Let alone Elmer Cletus Lehnage.

INVENTAR, being of stern standards, will have nothing to do with despicable submissions such as those proving the authenticity of human beings berided with such names as Henry Hual, Mary Christmas, Pearl Handful and Jack Kade. Parents of such unfortunate offspring are more to be pined than censured. What we demand is nerve, imagination, a certain insane courage in naming the property.

Newspaper readers were familiar with Harry O. Stanger, the Democrat from West Virginia. A prominent Winged lawyer in government cases is A. R. Twaddle. There is Oscar U. Zerk, inventor of an auto lubrication gun and father of Toca Zerk. Dees Mayer Selmer Hulse still rate Vinga, Alta. If not, Noble Puffer is Cook County school superintendent and the president of Whorston (Ill.) College is Dr. Hudson T. Armerding. The numerous



of the US Supreme Court is Bertha L. Gilman, and, appropriately, the editor of *Standards and Specifications Information Sources* is the popular Erasmus J. Stengila.

How about a vice-president of Affiliated Fund Inc. on Wall Street, Fung W. Wang. If you care for that sort of thing, official sponsor of Hays-Delta Ltd. a new warehouse in Rossmore, Ont., was graced by the presence of vice-president, operations, Woody Maruck. What does the make of the fact that the University of Utah's medical school has a division of artificial organs whose staff includes Hung Wang?

There is the branch office, as it were, of the elegant Whitehides of the Chicago Daily News who submits her gem, Wolfgang Dornkow, with Oscar Asperger as close second. There is Magdeleine Bubblejack, Armella Stravag, Seneca Roonyag, Wilbur Newwarner and Philander Philpott Pettibone. Other collectors have contributed the chairman of mathematics at Ouel Roberts University, Verbal M. Shuck. Chief clerk at Senator Herman Talmeide's U.S. Senate committee on agriculture and forestry was Cletus M. Myster. An unfortunate death has been that of the crime-busting sheriff of Selmer, Tenn., Buford Paster. A Canadian, Jean Karassene, changed his name to the more easily handled John Dwyer Doxale.

The way to keep one's mind off Ottawa is to remember that an executive with the Consumers Union in Channing Lombough. And a Los Angeles lawyer representing corporations dealing with China is Harold Pettis House. I automatically like the author of *Intellectual Schizophrenia*, Erasmus J. Rumbough.

Lee Fuch was the last golfer to qualify in a Florida PGA tournament that also included Thomas Senack and Norman Rock. But unimaginative officials blew the ideal first-round pairing, which could have been Senack, Rock and Fuch. Finally, we submit the author of *Transcendentalism as New England*, Octavian B. Fotheringham. That's all.

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a really mild cigarette
you can still enjoy:



try new Matinée Extra Mild.
It's surprisingly satisfying.

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked — avoid inhaling.
Average per cigarette: King Size: 4mg "tar" 0.4mg nicotine.